

The Sketch

No. 593.—VOL. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.]

MISS RUTH VINCENT AS "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

"*Swing high, swing low,
Swing to, swing fro,
The way they set wedding-bells ringing, you know.*"

“THE SKETCH” SUMMER NUMBER: SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The next issue of “The Sketch,” dated June 15, will contain a twenty-eight page Summer Supplement, consisting of Drawings in Colour (printed on Art Paper), Humourous Black-and-White Drawings, and several Complete Stories by well-known writers. A similar

number, issued about this time last year, went out of print within an hour or two of publication. We take this opportunity, therefore, of warning our readers that there will be no reprints of next week’s issue. For further details see page 259.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

The Sketch Office, Monday, June 6.

LAST week’s *Sketch*, you may remember, contained a flippant Supplement, entitled “Do We Need the Actor?” For the benefit of any careless reader who missed the number, I may mention that the Supplement consisted of eight full-page portraits of famous actresses in male attire. Furthermore, by way of lending point to the wee joke, a frivolous member of the staff concocted a light-hearted article under the same heading. Judge, then, of our amusement on receiving, by Friday morning’s post, the following letter: “It seems strange that in your somewhat superfluous article, ‘Do We Need the Actor?’ no mention is made of Miss ——, the best Romeo of modern times, and quite the best boy of the legitimate; and there is not one of the actresses represented who is not typically feminine, and most are in parts in which the ‘bifurcated garment’ is only assumed, and therefore they are not ‘substitute,’ however charming they may be. Another proof of the foolishness of the article is that on the English-speaking stage to-day the actor is far in advance of the actress.” We break our knees, collectively, and ask our correspondent to accept, by way of apology, the Supplement appearing in the present number. On my own behalf, moreover, I must beg “Ex-Subscriber” (for thus, relentlessly, she signs herself) to pardon poor “Chicot” for having endeavoured to punctuate and set in order her delightful, if anonymous, epistle.

Ought one to feel sorry for cabmen on strike? I’m afraid I don’t. I feel sorry for their wives and families, but the London cabman has placed himself beyond the pale of my affections. I dislike him, in the first place, because he dislikes his horse. You know it, London reader. You have seen the poor beasts whipped, and bullied, and jagged until your blood has boiled. I dislike him, secondly, because he accepts my shilling without a murmur, but mutters and growls when a woman pays him the same amount for a similar distance. I should respect the fellow far more, believe me, if he swore at me when I handed him his legal fare as I know he swears at women. I dislike him, in the third place, because he cannot conduct his business quietly. My third objection may seem trivial, but when I tell you that the first hour of my night’s sleep and the last hour of my morning’s sleep are nearly always interrupted by the wranglings of the cabmen on the rank beneath my window, I feel sure that I shall have your sympathy. Sleep, to the brain-worker, is like food to the starving: do you suppose a starving man can find a place in his heart for the ruffian who steals his bread? By no means, nor do I regret a strike that has brought me, during the past week, two extra hours of undisturbed slumber. The benevolent old gentlemen who drive the four-wheelers, you know, never raise their voices above a hoarse whisper. Bless their grizzled heads!

Talking of street-noises, there is a certain ruffian who disturbs me far more than any cabman. He is a sinister-looking fellow, and he plays a barrel-organ. Now, when I am idle, I can find pleasure in a barrel-organ. On the other hand, when there is work to be done, no noise is more exasperating. I can write through the shrieking of engines, the hooting of steamers, the rattle of traffic, the screaming of cab-whistles, the screeching of motor-cars, the wailing of cats, the bawlings of drunkards. All these sounds I hear, and yet I am able to disregard them. Directly a barrel-organ strikes up, however, my pen goes down. I shut my window; the trill of the treble and the growl of the bass refuse to be silenced. I must just wait, as patiently as may be, until the obtrusive alien chooses to move on, and then I am lucky if he has not left behind him some fatuous refrain that will ring through my head for the rest of the evening. I have been told by people who understand such things that it is in the power of any ratepayer to compel a barrel-organ to move on a distance of fifty yards.

They forget, these earnest ones, that a barrel-organ can kill thought at four hundred yards. Besides, I don’t feel quite certain as to whether or not I pay rates.

If your appetite for sensation is keen, and if your nerves are in good order, you may be able to extract a little enjoyment from the last Act of “The Edge of the Storm.” This is a drama, in a prologue and three Acts, that Mr. Forbes-Robertson has recently produced at the Duke of York’s Theatre. The prologue takes place in the year 1848, the scene being the interior of a Hungarian Castle. To this Castle, in heroic mood, comes Mr. Forbes-Robertson. He is merely the guest of the owner, you must know, but so far forgets himself, in the course of a brief and somewhat unseemly struggle, as to inflict a mortal injury upon his host. Nine years elapse, and we then find ourselves in Mr. Forbes-Robertson’s quarters at Comarlaptan. To these quarters, luckily enough for the dramatist, comes the daughter of the late owner of the Hungarian Castle. She fails to recognise Mr. Forbes-Robertson, but contrives to let him know that she is travelling round the world with the set purpose of slaying the man who, in self-defence, killed her father. In the second Act, we are not surprised to find that this pretty traveller in gore has fallen desperately in love with Mr. Forbes-Robertson. And so we come to the third Act, wherein much shooting, a happy ending, and so home. As I have said, your appetite for sensation must be keen if you are to enjoy “The Edge of the Storm.”

“But,” you exclaim, and with perfect justice, “what has all this to do with you? What has become of your expert colleague, ‘E. F. S.’? Was he not present, alert as ever, at the Duke of York’s Theatre last Wednesday evening?” Certainly he was present, and I have no reason to doubt that he was as alert as ever. But, luckily or unluckily, the fickle deity who presides over first-nights in this playgoing world of ours had so decreed that my colleague should sit in the last row of the stalls, and that between him and the stage there should be a great pillar fixed. Naturally an acute man, he was able, even in the face of that pillar and from that unfriendly distance, to form sufficient idea of the play to write of it with lenience. Even a dramatic critic, however, must sometimes give way before the capricious Personage who arranges the sittings on first-nights. A spirit of *camaraderie*, therefore, has prompted me to aid my colleague by dodging, as far as possible, that hideous pillar. For the rest, it remains with the reader to pardon my lack of agility.

Wednesday next, the very day when this number will be in your hands, is my birthday. That you will regard the fact as insignificant I am fully aware; for all that, I cannot help mentioning it. The Eighth of June, though I live to the age of eighty, will never quite lose, in my eyes, a certain charm and significance. Even now, I feel a little jealous when I see in the papers that such and such an event will take place on the Eighth of June. They select the date, these unknown people, merely because it happens to suit their convenience. Would not the seventh or the ninth—no capitals for these, if you please—have done equally well? The Eighth, from my point of view, is a day apart, conjuring up sacred memories of special holidays, important parties, mysterious parcels. Then, later, the Eighth meant a budget of letters, the envy of every fellow in the school; a parcel or two; once, as I am never likely to forget, a HAMPER! Happy Eighth! How fair the world seemed on that day of days! How kind they all were, relations, masters, school-fellows, everybody! And so the years went by, and I began to realise that a birthday, after all, was no such important event. The parcels ceased; the letters became fewer; the people around me, somehow or other, seemed to care less. . . . Yet, after all, the Eighth of June is my birthday.

THE DRAMATISED VERSION OF STANLEY WEYMAN'S NOVEL,
 "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."



PRODUCED AT THE AVENUE THEATRE LAST SATURDAY EVENING BY MR. MURRAY CARSON

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

*The Cab Strike—A Suggestion—Marshal Yamagata.*

I VERY sincerely wish that the cab-proprietors and cab-drivers would find some way of settling their disputes which does not necessitate my walking home from the theatre on a rainy night and spoiling a two-guinea pair of patent-leather boots. I would sooner have given the money to a cabman's charity. The spokesman of the cabmen say that no inconvenience has been caused to the "fares" by the shortage of cabs, but that is not a fact. I was forced against my will to walk home one night from the theatre, and both on Derby Day and on the Oaks Day the whistles were being blown in vain before noon all down Piccadilly for cabs which were not on the stands.

Mr. C. H. Sapte. Sir George Bonham. Mr. G. W. Duncan. (Hon. Sec.). Dr. B. G. Frith. Mr. W. P. Trench. Col. C. T. Lane, (Hon. Treasurer). C.I.E. Mr. C. J. Scott.



Mr. F. Muir. Right Hon. W. St. J. Brodrick, M.P. Lord Alverstone
(Secretary of State for India). (Lord Chief Justice).

Mr. Henry Nevill, J.P. Mr. W. H. Du Buisson
(Mayor of Guildford). (Captain).

Mr. J. A. Ross.

LORD ALVERSTONE (THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE) AND THE COMMITTEE OF THE GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

Photograph by Haines, Southampton Row.

All Clubland habitually pays the cabmen more than their legal fare. The shilling for a mile is never given, but becomes eighteenpence, and there is the same increase for longer distances. We—I am speaking for Clubmen in general—pay the cabmen the extra sixpences because we know that they have a hard fight to make both ends meet, and we pay this extra gratuity whether the cab is a good one and well-horsed, or whether it rattles and jolts and has Rosinante between the shafts.

In Berlin they manage these things better, and I have never heard of a strike of German cabmen. There the cabs are of two classes, and there are two scales of pay. If one takes a good cab one pays a good fare. The cabmen of the different classes are distinguished, if I remember rightly, by the colour of their collar. If some such plan were introduced into London, it would give us back the smart cabman, the well-groomed, well-fed horse, and well-appointed cab which used at one time to be found on our streets, but which have vanished. I am told that the man who owned a couple of cabs and four or five good horses, and whose turn-outs were a pleasure to look at and a joy to ride in, has ceased to exist, and that the cab-proprietor of to-day is a man who owns so many cabs that he cannot take any pride in individual turn-outs.

Give us, who pay liberally, better cabs, and charge us more for them, is my prayer, and leave to the old ladies who pay a shilling

and carefully calculate their distances the second-class cabs at second-class rates. There is nothing un-Britannic in this, for it is done in several of our Colonies. In the Malay Straits and in the cities of our Indian Empire there are various classes of gharries for hire in the streets, and a Calcutta third-class ticca gharry drawn by two skeleton "tuts" is probably the worst public vehicle in the world.

In Penang, in the Malay Straits, I used to obtain much amusement on licensing-days from looking on at the endeavours of the Chinese proprietors of gharries to pass their carriages into a higher class than that to which they really belonged. No eloquence that I have ever heard from any member of the Bar could compare for a moment with that of John Chinaman endeavouring to persuade an officer of the constabulary that a gharry had so much improved during a year of use that it had become a first-class one instead of one in a lower class. The springs were tried, the cushions taken out and examined, the appearance of the carriage considered, the man's stable and the ponies in it reported on, and the gharry was labelled one class or another for the ensuing year.

China is going to have a new scale of punishment for crime, and a German lawyer has been engaged by the Board of Punishment to bring Chinese punishments more into line with European ones than they are at present. No doubt the "thousand deaths" and other delicate

methods of torturing a guilty prisoner before he expires will become illegal, but no dozen lawyers of all the European nationalities will be able to change the Chinese methods of obtaining convictions. No Chinaman is ever, in theory, punished for any crime unless he has pleaded guilty to it. The methods by which a prisoner is persuaded that he did commit the crime of which he is charged are not of the gentlest, and, by the time an obdurate prisoner has been brought to a reasonable state of mind, it does not much matter to him whether he is cut into mincemeat, or skewered with split bamboo, or has water dropped continually upon his head.

Marshal Yamagata is, so report from Tokio says, to take the field in supreme command of the Japanese troops. He is the Moltke of Japan, but he has a personal influence over his troops which the great German General never attempted to acquire, and in this more nearly resembles our "Bobs" when he was Commander-in-Chief in India. One story which is told concerning him shows how devoted he is to the highest ideals of courage and honour. A Japanese brigade in the China War was repulsed in a desperate attack. He rode amidst the men as the battalions re-formed, told them that the honour of Japan was at stake, that he was going to launch them once more to the attack, and that if they again were repulsed he would not endure the disgrace, but would commit hari-kiri. The assault was pressed home.

“The Sketch” Summer Number.



The NEXT ISSUE of “THE SKETCH,” dated JUNE 15, will contain, in addition to all the usual features,

A MAGNIFICENT TWENTY-EIGHT PAGE

SUMMER SUPPLEMENT.

The Chief Feature of this Supplement will be an Artistic Symposium, Beautifully Printed in Colours, entitled

“THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER,”

To which the following
EMINENT ARTISTS } have contributed RALPH CLEAVER, LEONARD LINDSELL, W. D. ALMOND, R.I., JOHN HASSALL, R.I.,
 } DUDLEY HARDY, R.I., ROB SAUBER, R.B.A., CATON WOODVILLE, R.I., and OSCAR WILSON.

The Supplement will also contain
COMPLETE STORIES } by NORA CHESSON, PERCY WHITE, KEBLE HOWARD, THOMAS COBB, S. L. BENSUSAN,
 } and KATHARINE TYNAN.

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THE ETHICS OF FLIRTING.

A Chicago Professor has recently enunciated the theory that flirting is instinctive, that it sharpens the intellectual faculties, and is an excellent preparation for the serious duties of life.

Your father, a slave to conventions,
Approached me, Miss Kitty, to-night;
He asked me to "state my intentions,"
And "if my behaviour seemed right."
The question was most disconcerting;
I felt for the moment unmanned,
For it showed that the ethics of flirting
Are things he does not understand.

But we, dear, I take it, know better;
So, what though your parents may fuss,
No obsolete notions shall fetter
Two earnest young students like us.
We know that in love's tittle-tattle
The key to Enlightenment lies,
That he who'd succeed in Life's battle
Must read not in books, but in eyes.

Oh, still in my memory lingers
That evening we spent 'neath the trees!
I felt for your dear little fingers,
And instinctively gave them a squeeze.
We found ourselves growing sagacious
'Neath treatment so wholesome as this,
So, to make it the more efficacious,
We gave one another a kiss.

Since then we have worked without ceasing
At keeping abreast of the age;
Your wisdom is daily increasing,
I'm growing a positive sage.
We both have a proper disdain for
The status of husband and wife,
So come to the garden and train for
The duties of Serious Life.—J. D. H.

THE GOD OF LOVE DIDN'T PLANT A GARDEN.

*But he made himself very much at home in
one. The story of his impertinence and the
result is told in*

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"SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

But the late Prince Christian Victor, the Duke of Teck, Prince Francis of Teck, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg were at Wellington, and Prince and Princess Christian's surviving son, Prince Albert, was at Charterhouse.

An Emperor's Deputy.

The Archduke Frederick, who is just now the nation's guest, is a brother of Queen Christina of Spain, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, in selecting him to be his deputy, has paid this country a special compliment, for the Archduke has a very high position in the Dual Kingdom, partly because of his immense wealth and also as one of the most agreeable and cultivated members of the Austrian Imperial Family. His Imperial Highness is fortunate in his Archduchess, the clever and beautiful Isabelle de Croy; they have seven daughters, and a little son who is heir to one of the largest fortunes in the world. During their recent stay in Vienna the Prince and Princess of Wales were magnificently entertained by the Archduke and Archduchess Frederick at their Viennese home, the Albrecht Palace, famed throughout the world for its magnificent picture-gallery, which they generously allow to be thrown open to the public twice a week.

A Royal Bereavement.

The British people sympathised with our Royal Family in their second bereavement, for the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as brother-in-law of the Duke of Cambridge, and uncle by marriage of the Princess of Wales, spent much of his life in this country, and his gentle, amiable character endeared him to a large circle of London friends. Mecklenburg House, Buckingham Gate, is literally within a stone's-throw of Buckingham Palace, and when the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess were in residence there no day went by without their receiving a visit from some member of our Royal Family. The venerable Royal couple, whose long and happy married life began at Buckingham Palace in the June of 1843, celebrated their "Golden Wedding" in this country, receiving the warmest congratulations from Queen Victoria, who was tenderly attached to them both. In the Life and Letters of the late Duchess of Teck there are many references to the late Grand Duke, who became blind some fourteen years after his marriage.

while, for the first time for some years, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will come over to Ascot each day from Bagshot Park. On Monday will take place the Royal visit to Eton College, and, after the Ascot days, the King and Queen will be present at the Speech Day at Wellington College—truly a well-filled and most busy Royal week.

Their Majesties at Eton.

On the occasion of their visit to Eton, the King and Queen will have tea at the Headmaster's house. Their Majesties will arrive at the famous school by river, in the State barge, rowed by the Royal watermen in their picturesque uniforms, and will receive the inevitable addresses. Eton has, naturally, basked a good deal in the sunshine of Royal favour, partly on account of its nearness to Windsor. Nevertheless, Prince Albert, with his German views of education, strongly disapproved of the English Public School system, and he took care that all his sons should be privately educated. Indeed, it is quite curious how few Royal personages have been at Eton—the young Duke of Albany (now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), who was in Mr. Benson's house, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Prince Alexander of Teck.

Lieut. Stretton. Capt. G. Holford. Commander Sir C. Cust. Col. A. Davidson Miss Barrington Foote Col. Barrington Foote. Hon. Charlotte Knollys.



Mr. A. W.
Barrington Foote.

Hon. Sylvia
Edwardes.

Mrs Barrington
Foote.

Princess Victoria Prince of Wales. The Queen.

The King.

Prince Edward
of Wales.

Princess of
Wales.

THE FIRST VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO KNELLER HALL, HOUNSLOW (FRIDAY, MAY 27).

Photograph by Gynn and Co., Richmond.

A Nonagenarian Duchess.

dates connected with her long life conjure up a vision of great events and of romantic happenings. She is now ninety-two, and was born in the heyday of Napoleon's marvellous career. The daughter of a Duke—that Duke of Bedford who had so many remarkable children, including the late Lord John (Earl) Russell—she married at the age of twenty, five years before the late Sovereign's accession, the Marquis, later Duke, of Abercorn, who came to be known to an irreverent generation as "Old Splendid." For fifty-three years she enjoyed an ideal married life, and her six sons and seven daughters all turned out well, the daughters making brilliant marriages. The Dowager Duchess, till quite lately more like a vigorous woman of sixty than a nonagenarian, is even now always present at the marriage of any of her younger descendants. At the present moment the Duchess's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren number something like a hundred and fifty human beings, and these include two Dukes, her eldest son, the Duke of Abercorn, her grandson, the Duke of Marlborough, and three future Dukes—the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord Blandford, and Lord Dalkeith.

Coates Castle. Coates Castle, in Sussex, where the Dowager Duchess lives, is constantly visited by one or other of her children, who are all very devoted to her, and who, indeed, were all gathered there last winter owing to an illness, from which, however, she has quite recovered. Coates Castle is situated in the beautiful stretch of country near Petworth, and so is within a long drive of Arundel and Goodwood. There the venerable Duchess has gathered about her many memorials of her long and happy life, and she never parts from the curious necklace composed of thirteen amethyst and diamond lockets, to which reference has often been made, for each locket was presented to her by her husband on the birth of one of their children, being, in due course, embellished by the portrait of the baby in question, and the Duchess always wears it.

The Crossing of Mr. Churchill. On the first day after the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. Winston Churchill changed sides in the House of Commons. Instead of sitting among the Conservatives, he took a place on the front bench below the Opposition gangway—the bench occupied by the Fourth Party when the Conservatives were in Opposition, but now occupied by Radicals. Old friends of Lord Randolph Churchill were sorry to see his son among the Liberals, but it was admitted that, in view of his opinions and attitude towards the Government, he was in his right place. Mr. Churchill will get a better hearing from the Conservatives when he attacks the Ministry from the Opposition side, and, no doubt, he will attack it often. He is already one of the ablest of Parliamentarians, and his ability is equalled by his ambition. In crossing over, he separates himself from his friend, Lord Hugh Cecil. Their paths will diverge

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn is one of the most wonderful old ladies in the world, if, indeed, not the most wonderful of them all. The mere

more and more until when the one is Conservative Leader the other may be leading the Radicals in concert with Mr. Lloyd-George!

Perhaps some of the Liberals would have preferred Mr. Churchill to remain on the Unionist benches. Attacks on the Government from its own side are more sensational and, in a sense, more effective than from the regular Opposition. Moreover, the prospects of certain young Liberals who look for office may be darkened by the advent of one more brilliant than themselves. Several other occupants of Opposition benches have changed sides in recent years—Mr. George Whiteley, Mr. Cathcart Wason, and Mr. John Wilson (Falkirk). Converts require time to inspire confidence, but everyone has seen the gradual and decided tendency of Mr. Churchill towards Liberalism.

A Keen Radical. Mr. Philip Stanhope, who is standing for the Market Harborough Division, is as keen a Radical as the retiring member, Mr. Logan. The action of the latter in taking a seat on the front Conservative bench was one of the incidents which provoked the free-fight during the Home Rule controversy. Mr. Stanhope made himself equally conspicuous by his opposition to the Prime Ministership of his relative, Lord Rosebery. He took up the cause of Sir William Harcourt and worked for it in the Lobby as heartily as Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Stanhope was conspicuous also for the frankness of his attacks on Mr. Chamberlain. His brother was a well-known Conservative statesman whose death caused general regret in the House.

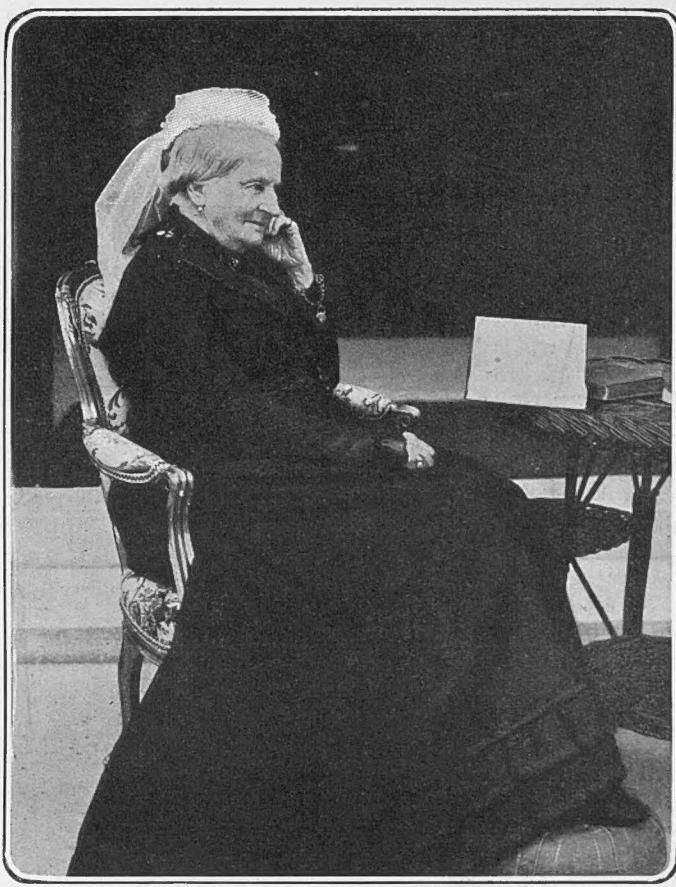
A Doctor in the House. The first large dinner-party at

the House of Commons last week was given by Dr. Farquharson, who entertained about a score of friends, distin-

guished in art, science, literature, arms, and business. Dr. Farquharson, who has been a member for about a quarter of a century, is devoted to the House, giving all his time and mind to it, and he is as popular on the one side as on the other. Although a good Party man and a staunch friend of "C.-B.," whom he loyally cheers from the corner of a back-bench, he is so genial and so free from acrimony that he has no enemies. The medical profession has a useful representative in "The Doctor," who can never understand why lawyers alone should be called "learned." He is very fond of a joke, and finds a congenial colleague in Dr. Hutchinson, the new Member for Rye, one of the raciest speakers in the House. In his native county of Aberdeen

Dr. Farquharson owns an estate and a mountain, and, notwithstanding the opposition of other local "lairds," he holds a safe seat.

King Edward will arrive at Kiel on the afternoon of June 25 on the *Victoria and Albert*, and will remain four days. The Kaiser has appointed the General commanding the infantry at Kiel and Admiral von Budissin as the officers to be attached to the person of the King. On the day of His Majesty's arrival the Kaiser will give a State dinner on board the *Hohenzollern*, and the two Hamburg steamers, the *Princess Victoria Louise* and the *Prince Joachim*, will be stationed at Kiel for the convenience of the Emperor's guests.



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN (TAKEN AT THE AGE OF NINETY).



COATES CASTLE, SUSSEX, THE HOME OF THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

Photographs by Kevis, Petworth.



THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

Photograph by Nichols, Stamford.

famous packs—the Cottesmore, the Belvoir, and the Fitzwilliam. The young couple are very popular in the neighbourhood of Burghley House, for they much prefer the country to London, and since their marriage they have entertained many notable house-parties in the splendid Elizabethan mansion where the Virgin Queen was more than once entertained by her Lord Treasurer, but which was rudely described by William III. as being "much too grand for a subject." Last December, Lady Exeter's first child, a little daughter, was born, and the event was celebrated with great heartiness in Stamford.

A Canadian Marchioness.

Among widowed Peeresses special interest attaches to the personality of the Marchioness of Donegall, the mother of the baby Marquis who inherited the title and glories of the head of the Chichester family some few weeks ago. The only Canadian Marchioness was born Miss Violet Twining, and she was the daughter of a popular citizen of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The marriage aroused some comment, for there were sixty years between the bride and bridegroom, and the wedding, which was celebrated quietly at St. George's, Hanover Square, was graced by several well-known representatives of the Dominion, Miss Twining being given away by Lord Strathcona. It is to be hoped that the little Marquis has inherited beauty, for not only is his mother a very pretty woman, tall, fair, and slender, but his father, in the far-away days when he was plain Captain Chichester, was said to be one of the best-looking men in the Army.

The Kaiser and the War.

a day maps of the theatre of operations are laid before him, together with the latest telegrams. It is said that the correspondence between the Czar and the Kaiser on military matters is assuming quite voluminous dimensions. The Czar is, it appears, absolutely convinced of the Emperor William's loyalty to Russia, but some of his Ministers still have their doubts of German policy, and hesitate to denude their western frontier of its troops until a definite promise in writing has been obtained from Germany not to attempt to take any advantage of the circumstance.

A Family Council. The matrimonial prospects of the Grand Duke Cyril and the former Grand Duchess of Hesse continue to exercise the imagination of Germany. It appears that an important Family Council was held recently to decide the fate of the Grand Duke's affections. It was attended by the Czarina and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, who are both sisters to the Grand Duke of

Among the stately homes of England there is none boasting of more romantic associations than "Burghley House by Stamford town," immortalised by Tennyson in "The Lord of Burleigh"—mark the difference in the spelling! The mistress of this stately and beautiful country pa'ace, for such it truly can claim to be, is the youthful and pretty Marchioness of Exeter, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton. Both Lord and Lady Exeter are fine riders to hounds, and the former is a Master of Harriers, while Stamford is fortunate in being within comparatively easy distance of three

Hesse, as well as by the Czar and the Grand Duke Sergius; no definite decision was, however, reached. It is, perhaps, natural that the Czarina and her sister should be averse from a match which would bring them into constant contact with a lady with whom their brother has quarrelled so bitterly. Despite all their protests, however, the Grand Duke Cyril insisted on travelling to Coburg. It seems to be certain that the Czar will not permanently withhold his consent from the union of the Royal lovers. The latest version is that he has bid them wait in patience until the conclusion of the war.

King Peter's Coronation.

King Peter of Servia will not be crowned in the Monastery of Zitza, as was at first arranged, because the Princes of Montenegro and Bulgaria have both been invited to the ceremony, and the roads which lead to the monastery are almost impassable. To obliterate the memory of the murder of King Alexander, the Old Konak, in which the tragedy took place, will be pulled down, and most of the site made into a garden. By a curious coincidence, King Peter himself was born in the very building in which his predecessor was murdered, his father being at the time Prince of Servia.

Mascagni and the Organ-grinder.

When Signor Mascagni was in London, an organ-grinder one day came and played under his window the famous Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." As the man played, he turned the handle of his organ faster and faster, until the air was more like a valse than an intermezzo. At last, Mascagni could bear it no longer, and, rushing out of the house, he gave the organ-grinder a shilling, and said, "I have heard that air at the Opera, and I think that you are playing it too fast. Let me show you how it ought to be played."

The composer then played the Intermezzo through in the proper time, and went back to the house. A few days afterwards, the organ-grinder returned to the street, and Mascagni was delighted to hear the Intermezzo played in correct time. But he was not so pleased when he looked out of the window and saw on the organ a large placard bearing the words, "Pupil of Signor Mascagni."

The Countess of Kerry.

Lady Kerry was one of the youngest as well as one of the prettiest of aristocratic brides who were presented on their marriage at this year's Courts. As Miss Elsie Hope, she had scarcely been seen at all in Society before her engagement to Lord Lansdowne's son and heir took place, and she was very simply and carefully brought up by her mother, Mrs. Edward Hope, who is one of the good-looking daughters of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie. The friendship between Lady Kerry's father, Mr. Edward Hope, and Lord Lansdowne was of old standing, for they were at Eton together, and Lady Lansdowne and Mrs. Hope were closely associated in the management of the Officers' Wives and Families Fund during the South African War. Lord Kerry greatly distinguished himself during the campaign,



THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL.

Photograph by Amy Cassels, New Bond Street, W.

as did his younger brother. He is very popular in that district of Ireland from whence he takes his title, and it is said that he and Lady Kerry will spend a portion of each year on Lord Lansdowne's Irish estate.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) will open a bazaar in the grounds of Bruce Castle, Tottenham, on Wednesday, June 15, in aid of the funds of the Tottenham Hospital, of which charity the Princess is President and in which she takes a great interest.



THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

A Kingly Motorist. The King of Italy was one of the first Sovereigns to become an enthusiastic motorist, and now, save on State occasions, he is hardly ever seen in an ordinary carriage, so much does he prefer the horseless variety. All sorts of stories are told in the neighbourhood of Rome concerning the popular King, and the adventures which befall him and the Queen when they go off, as they sometimes do, alone on their powerful car. They have had many breakdowns on the Campagna, but Victor Emmanuel has made himself thoroughly conversant with every part of the complicated machinery, and he is quite as able to deal with any portion of a motor-car as would be a trained engineer. Thanks to his horseless carriage, the King has been able to acquaint himself with many facts concerning his people's humble lives generally hidden from Royal personages. It is said that His Majesty would much like to see Italy become a great motoring centre, and it is a fact that nowhere do British motorists find more ready courtesy and intelligent kindness.

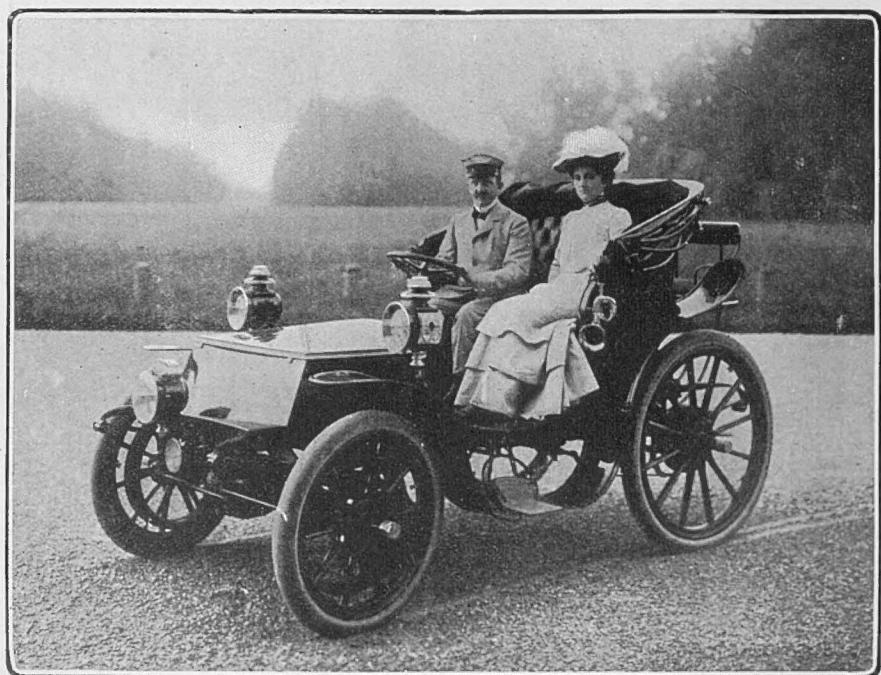
The Paris Dog Show. The Paris Dog Show has been better than usual this year (writes our Correspondent).

There were over fifteen hundred exhibits, and among them a number of essentially French dogs, in contrast with former years, when all the best dogs shown came from the other side of the Channel. Where all were good, it is difficult to choose, but a word of praise may be given to the wire-haired Griffon puppies and the splendid Griffons shown by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. Praise, too, is due to the Prince of Monaco's "Whittington Rufus," a brindled bulldog with a smile most fearfully and wonderfully made, who won the first prize over all comers of his class; to "Courageuse de Merlimont," a pointing Griffon, who won the first prize among a host of splendid specimens; and, above all, to Monsieur and Madame Dretzen's splendid team of six Pyrenean dogs, of which "Birouk" won the Grand Prix given by the Minister of Agriculture and all won first prizes. These "Chiens de Pyrénées" are the St. Bernards of the Basque provinces of France. They look like white St. Bernards, and have many of the best attributes of their Swiss cousins; but it is difficult to breed them elsewhere than in their native mountains, for flat environment is almost always fatal to them.

Mdlle. Sylviac. An inexpensive and a much-used jest upon the Boulevards these days consists in ringing-up upon the telephone and asking for the number "13100." It is a certain method of annoying the damsels of the telephone, for "13100" is the number of Mdlle. Sylviac, and Mdlle. Sylviac was, on Wednesday, acquitted with all colours flying of having used improper language to a functionary in the exercise of her duty.

The lady was the best of fun in Court. She kept, it seems, a diary of the misdeeds of the young ladies of the telephone, and extracts from it, read as Mdlle. Sylviac, who is a piquant little actress, knew how to read them to us, kept the whole Court-room in a roar. And she got off without a stain upon her character. So now we here in Paris know that it is lawful to inform a "demoiselle du téléphone" that she were far better employed in herding cows than in connecting would-be telephoners, for that is what the dainty Sylviac lady said.

Prophecies. An epidemic of prophecy has broken out this year, but the prophets cannot, on the whole, be congratulated on the correctness of their guesses. One of these seers tells us that in June there will be rejoicing over the birth of an heir to a Royal House, but he does not tell us whether Russia or Italy is to be the lucky country. In this month also a wonderful invention is to appear, but in July there is to be a great strike. Then the bad times



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN THEIR LATEST CAR.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.

will really begin. August and September will be months of financial panic and smash, and in October we shall be engaged in a war. But in November we shall vindicate our position in the world, and then in December trade will revive, and all will end up in the most satisfactory manner. The only drawback to these prophecies is that there is no hint of the victory of St. Amant in the Derby, nor of the course of the war between Japan and Russia. The prophet evidently has an idea that something is going on in the Far East, but if he knows which side is going to win he most unkindly withholds the knowledge from us.

The Cobden Centenary.

Next, perhaps, to the famous "Curse of Cowdray," the little Sussex town of Midhurst rejoices most in the memory of Richard Cobden. The great Free Trader was born in a farm-house not far from the town; as a boy he attended the Grammar School founded by Gilbert Hannam in 1672, and close to his birthplace is Dunford House and the estate presented to him by the supporters of the Anti-Corn Law League. Moreover, Cobden was buried by the side of his son in the neighbouring churchyard of West Lavington. Midhurst, therefore, thought it had quite as much right to celebrate his centenary, with the inspiring oratory of Mr. Bryce and Lord Davey, as Manchester, Rochdale, and various other manufacturing centres, to say nothing of "C.-B." at the Alexandra Palace. Most interesting, from a personal point of view, was the presence of Cobden's daughters—Mrs. Fisher Unwin, Mrs. Sickert, and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson—at the Alexandra Palace demonstration. These ladies have inherited their father's great intellectual grasp, as well as his noble simplicity of character and winning personal charm.

Miss May Harrison.

On the evening of May 31, Miss May Harrison, a youthful violinist, gave her first public performance at the St. James's Hall, with the assistance of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Henry Wood. Miss Harrison played Bach's Concerto No. 2 in E, accompanied on the Positive Organ by Mr. Percy Pitt, and showed a really wonderful talent. She always plays in tune, and by the purity of her tone and her musicianly feeling easily persuades her listeners that she is an exceptional artist. It was in Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, however, that Miss Harrison was at her best; here she surmounted all difficulties, and proved her exceptional powers by the quiet and self-possessed methods with which she attained her ultimate ends. We feel confident that Miss Harrison will in time achieve the very highest in the art of violin-playing.



COBDEN CENTENARY, JUNE 3: OATSCROFT, NEAR MIDHURST, WHERE RICHARD COBDEN LIVED FOR SOME YEARS.

Photograph by F. Coze, Midhurst.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

FOR some days my morning paper seems to have been full to the brim with reports of strikes and rate-wars. Even such battles as rage in and round Kinchau do less to stir the pulse of the man who stays at home than a cab-strike that leaves him stranded in a London street at the time when all the omnibuses are full inside and the rain is pouring with the emphasis it never fails to adopt when cabs are scarce. On the morning when Russia's latest retrograde movement was announced, one of my travelling companions nearly missed his train, and, helped in at the eleventh hour by the kindly guard, bruised his silk-hat. As a rule, my fellow-traveller is eloquent about the horrors of war; bloodshed and loss of life are repugnant to him—he insists upon peace. With more than five thousand casualties to talk about, I thought he might well have been eloquent; but he sat with the battered hat in his hand and gave no more than a sad assent to our platitudes and commonplaces.

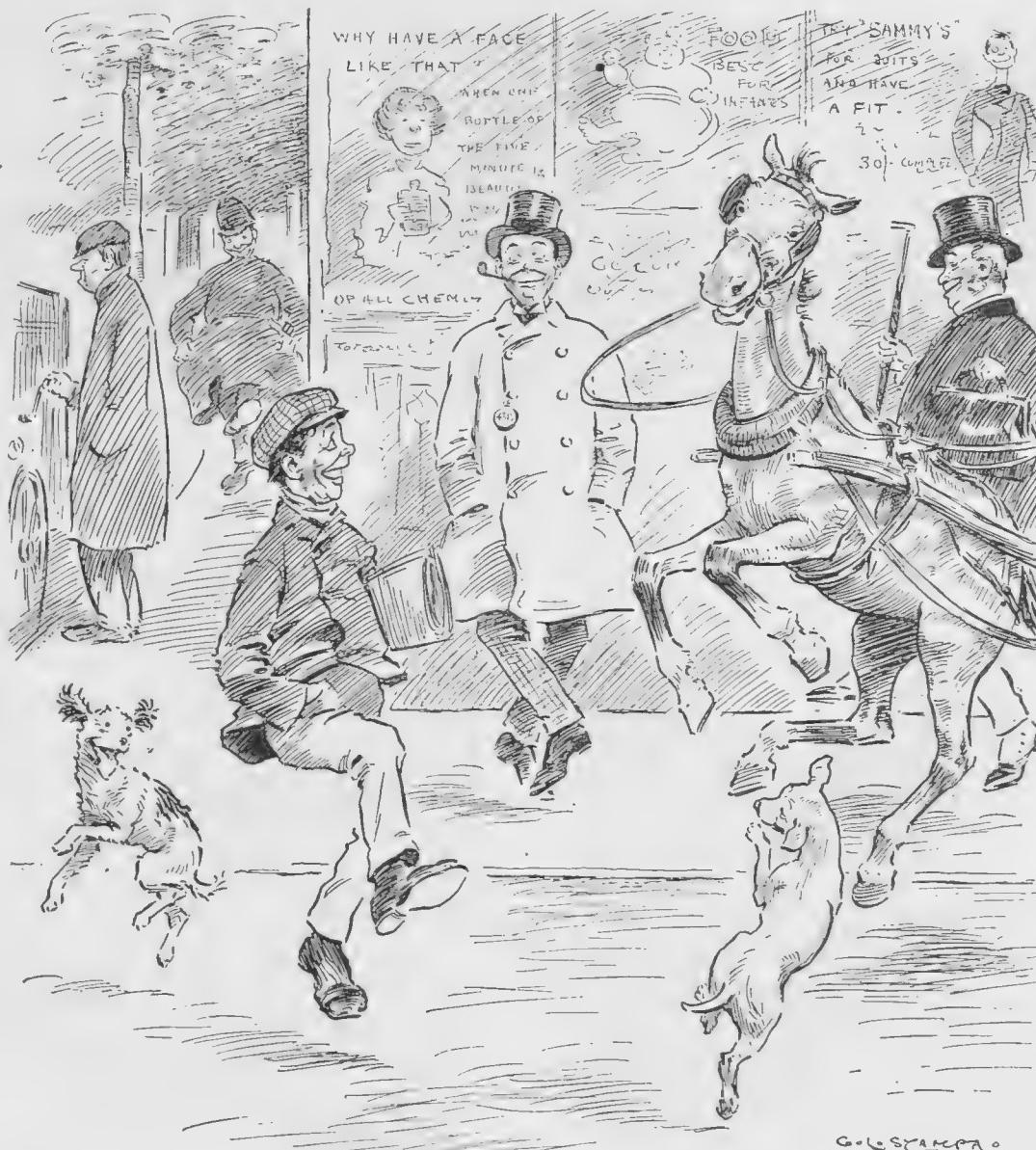
He is a man full of sympathy and love for his fellows, but the tragedy of the Liaotung Peninsula was thousands of miles away, and the casualty that had come to his good silk-hat was before his eyes. "Now, I suppose, they will block it properly," said somebody, referring to the road from Port Arthur to Manchuria; and I saw the face of the stricken man grow bright, as though the sun had shone upon it. "Yes," he muttered to himself, surveying the damaged hat; "if I have it blocked properly, it may be all right." Next morning, the hat looked none the worse for its misadventure, and the owner lightened our journey with his protest against the horrors of war.

I yield to no man in my admiration for the good work done by Dr. Collingridge, Medical Officer of Health for the City of London. Indeed, I have dedicated stray paragraphs to his encouragement from time to time in these columns. But it is hard to forgive him when he gives publicity to opinions that threaten the City pigeons. They may be dirty birds, but that surely is because they live in the City, and they are not nearly so dirty as the tramps and loafers to whose tender mercies Dr. Collingridge is likely to consign them. When I pass the Guildhall, I like to think of the pigeons as twentieth-century editions of Lazarus picking up the crumbs that fall from the table of Alderman Dives. Round St. Paul's, too, they remind me pleasantly of the piazza of St. Mark in Venice, where I have fed their cousins dozens of times without yielding once to the suggestions of the photographers.

I do not wish to discourage Dr. Collingridge, but I would like him to turn his attention to other matters. Let him abolish typhoid-breeding

oysters, vermin-rearing restaurants, and insanitary kitchens as long as any are left in London; let him abolish Lord Mayor's Show itself, if he be at heart an iconoclast with an eye that discriminates between dignity and absurdity. But let him leave us our pigeons, for, while a pigeon-pie is quickly eaten, the living bird may help to beautify the City for years. And it is better to develop the sense of beauty of thousands than to comfort for a brief hour the little Mary of a few. Indeed, the worthy Doctor's researches among City restaurants of the undistinguished sort should have taught him ere to-day that pigeons are no indispensable part of a pigeon-pie—or, indeed, of any of the dishes that appeal to the unwary in their name.

The rate-cutting war on the American lines should serve to comfort the emigrant. Imagine the joy of a week or ten days at sea in June, when you pay no more than two pounds for it. Only one thing could be better: to be a child under twelve and get to the land of stars, stripes, Trusts, and wooden nutmegs for one pound. The food supplied on board the emigrant-traffic ships is excellent. Porridge and ham and eggs, with herrings, corned beef, and fried liver, appear on the breakfast-table on their appointed days; so, too, does "picked-up cod-fish," which sounds rather dangerous under the circumstances and tempts me not. Dinner has its full complement of roasts and boiled, tea is satisfactory and supper passable; certainly I should elect to pass it. But if the Steamship Companies really wish



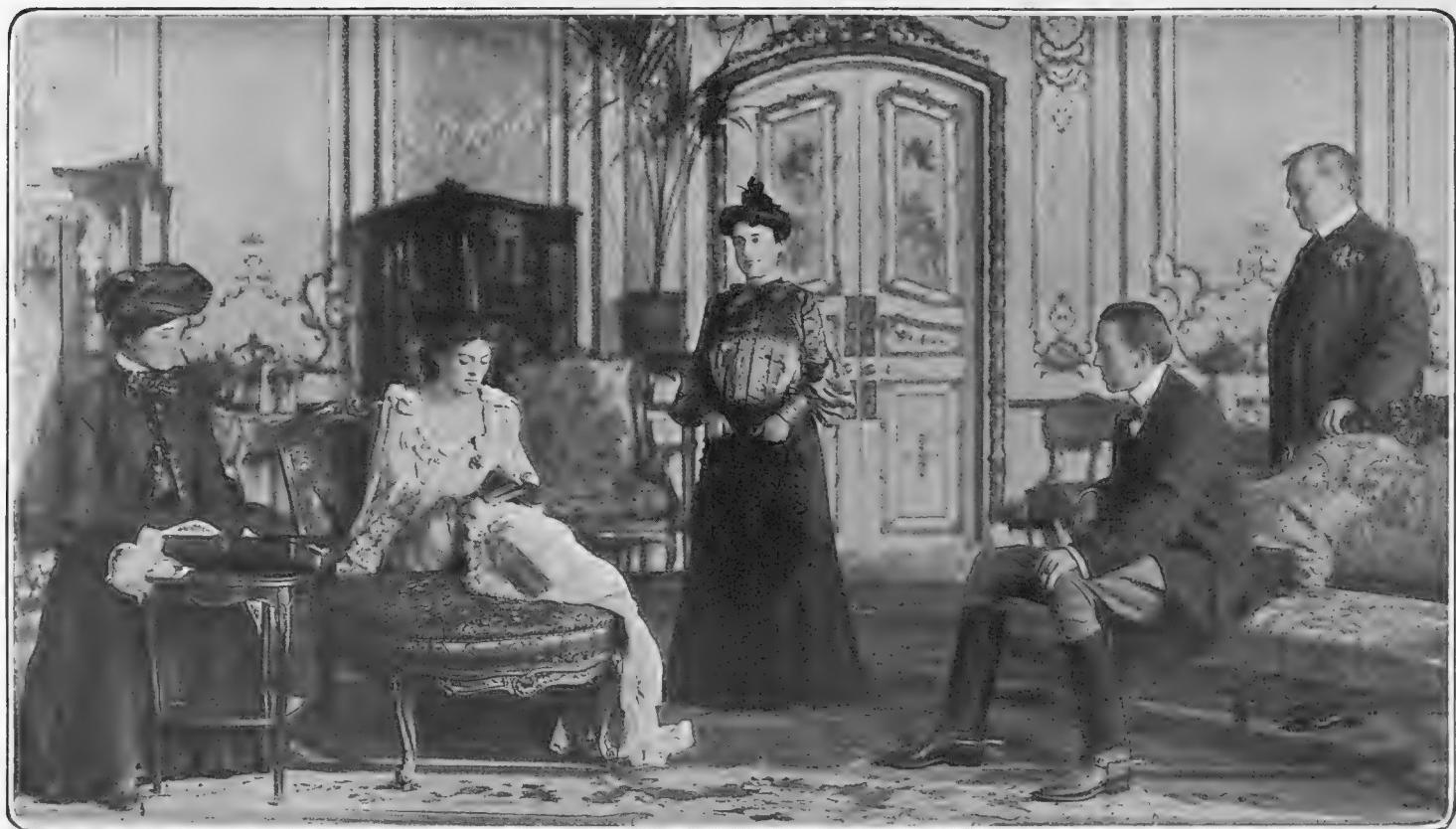
EFFECT CAUSED BY AN ORGAN SUDDENLY PLAYING A CAKE-WALK IN A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPF.

to put their philanthropy beyond the reach of doubt; why don't they combine to give the journey out and home for three pounds or seventy shillings, and advertise it properly. It would be strikingly popular and a boon to the lower classes. Shareholders in the Steamship Companies would be the only sufferers, and they are a minority that might well be disregarded.

After all complaints have been made, we must admit that Trusts and Limited Companies have their useful side. My morning paper tells me of trouble between the masters of the oil-trade. Paraffin seems to have fallen from somewhere in the neighbourhood of eightpence to something less than threepence per gallon. Now, if the "bosses" had been risking their own money, this cutting would have been recognised at once as suicidal; but, as it is money of shareholders, the magnates will fight to the bitter end. Meanwhile, the retail purchaser should benefit, and, if the oil is of the "low-flash" variety, the consumer will be able to suffer explosions and fatal accidents at half the cost that ruled before the—magnates—fell out.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CYNTHIA," AT WYNDHAM'S.



Miss Margaret Fraser,
Cynthia's Manicurist.

Miss Ethel Barrymore
as Cynthia.

Mdlle. Louise Douste,
Cynthia's Maid.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Charles Groves,
Cynthia's Husband. Cynthia's Father-in-law.

CYNTHIA DISCOVERS THAT HER CHEQUE-BOOK CONTAINS NOTHING BUT "STUMPS."



RIGID ECONOMY FOLLOWS. SHE DISMISSES ALL THE SERVANTS,
AND RETIRES TO THE KITCHEN.—



—WITH HER HUNGRY BUT AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

Photographs by F. W. Burford, Great Russell Street.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CYNTHIA," AT WYNDHAM'S.



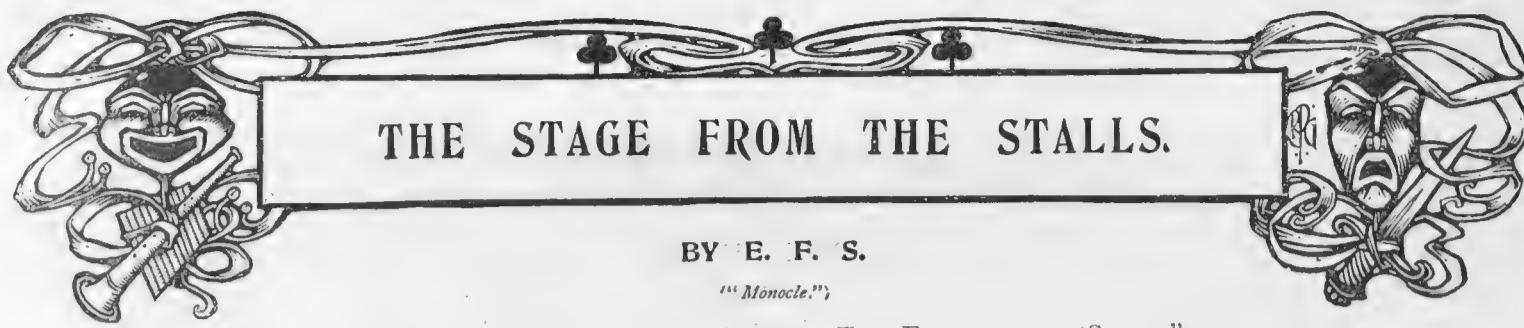
Mr. J. Wheelock as Teddy Hampton.

TEDDY HAMPTON, THE RICH AMERICAN, REMAINS FAITHFUL TO THE YOUNG COUPLE IN THEIR POVERTY. HIS OFFER OF MONEY IS REFUSED, BUT HE IS ALLOWED TO WASH SOME PLATES.



AND THEN, JUST BEFORE THE FINAL CURTAIN FALLS, FATHER-IN-LAW RELENTS, BLESSES HIS DEAR CHILDREN, AND GOES HOME (PRESUMABLY) TO WRITE BIGGER CHEQUES THAN EVER.

Photographs by F. W. Burford, Great Russell Street.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

*"Monocle."**"The Last of the Dandies"* AND *"The Edge of the Storm."*

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has such a stock to fall back upon for revivals that it hardly seemed necessary to dig up Mr. Clyde Fitch's work. A desire to show his really remarkable power of delineating dandies might well have been gratified by reviving the admirable play, "Beau Austin," which we should all be

content to see once more. The one gain in the present revival is that it gives us Miss Marion Terry as Lady Blessington, which she presents superbly—one might say, perfectly—and thereby lends grace and charm to scenes that do not deserve so great an advantage: it is to be hoped that Mr. Tree will long retain in his Company this brilliant actress, who occupies a unique and somewhat curious position on our stage. Certainly Mr. Tree's D'Orsay is a very able and ingenious presentation of the lifeless character: it is, however, in the second work that his great talent obtains a full opportunity, and it would be difficult to overpraise his acting in "The Man who Was."

The term "proportion" is used in several senses in art—perhaps the humblest is its application to the question of the relation between an effect produced and the means. Eagerness for supreme achievement in this respect has led to catastrophes, notably in architecture, as in



MR. EILLE NORWOOD, A LEADING MEMBER OF SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S COMPANY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

the collapses at Beauvais Cathedral. The author of "The Edge of the Storm" has no sense of "proportion." In order to produce and embellish a story leading to an interesting but undeveloped situation she employs such prodigious machinery as the Hungarian strife for freedom in '48 and the Indian Mutiny in 1857. This is a mountain-mouse matter on an unusual scale. What in such upheavals of human passion is the love-story of two ordinary, insignificant persons? The actual outcome is an interesting, hardly novel, situation and a promise unfulfilled of a problem. In 1848, a devil-may-care Englishman of the Anthony Hope romance type is tied by some ferocious, noisy Magyar patriots to a pillar, with a notice from their leader, Istvan, that he is to be killed in a quarter-of-an-hour. Enter Istyan's pretty daughter, who cuts the bonds of Poulett, the prisoner, with a dagger, which she gives to him. He attempts to escape, is seized in the dark by Istvan, stabs him, and gets away, not knowing whom he struck nor with what effect. The Magyar leader drops dead; his daughter finds the body and dagger, vows vengeance on Poulett, and then falls ill, and, in consequence of her illness, her mind becomes blank to all the facts I have named.

The death of Istvan ruins the cause of Hungary, so we are told; wherefore, nine years after, Ferenz, his nephew, and Wilma, his daughter-in-law, having learnt that Poulett is a sugar-boiler

in India, come after him with a view to vengeance, and drag the blank-minded Leta with them. Unaware that her father's death lies between them, Leta and Poulett fall in love with one another, and, since the efforts of the two other Hungarians—sad bunglers—to murder him are unsuccessful, the lovers marry. A chance phrase brings back Leta's memory and reveals to Poulett the fact that he had killed her father; a little while later, she discovers that her husband is the man whose life she had saved at such a terrible cost. What will be the result upon the relations between these two, who really love one another, of such a discovery? There is matter for a drama, and a strong dramatist might have begun the play with it, using the antecedent facts as mere data. No ethical question is raised, nor even a sentimental question with a universal answer, but a thoroughly interesting and perplexing situation arises, with different solutions according to character, race, way of living, &c.

Unfortunately, Mrs. (or Miss) Margaret Young seems to care little about this aspect of the question. There is a scene between the two in which the situation is discussed, but the author is so busy to get from drama to melodrama that it is very short, and, though Leta is convinced by Poulett that the discovery makes no difference in their relations, I think the audience remains unconvinced. Then Ferenz—a very sad brawler—has two shots at Poulett from a distance of a yard or so, and hits Leta instead. So we jumped to the conclusion that the playwright was going to adopt orthodox ideas and solve the situation by killing her. However, at this moment the very long-delayed Mutiny business began: we had a lot of gun-firing during an attack which did not seem very lifelike: it appeared that the mutineers were winning, so French troops suddenly rushed in to the rescue—which shows the utility of the *entente cordiale*. Leta decided not to die, and, at the end of the strife, it is discovered that she is as sound as a roach—the exact meaning of which phrase intrigues me as an angler very greatly. So the curtain falls on the happy union of the Pouletts, and I suppose that, if there were any little Pouletts, they were never told exactly what had happened between papa and their maternal grandfather.

Of course, I do not say that in real life such a conclusion is unnatural or unlikely. As a rule, no doubt, dramatists have shunned it, have felt that the idea of the matrimonial life of two people between whom is the ghost of the slain father would be, in a way, offensive to the feeling of the audience. Probably this feeling of the audience is normal and, on the whole, correct, and I do not think it can wisely be offended, unless, indeed, in a play depending for interest on a strong study of character. For practical purposes, in a play of this kind, a mere story-telling piece, the conventional ending is desirable, and, unless Leta is killed, I think the piece will die young: the critics can hardly be expected to send flowers, since the work is not written nor produced for them. Indeed, they may be pardoned if they grumble at the idea of such a man as Mr. Forbes-Robertson producing such a piece. Since it always seems to me a duty of the critic to name any circumstance that may have biased his judgment, I should mention that a seat behind a pillar nine or ten rows away from the stage is hardly a "coign of vantage," and, indeed, brews a feeling of irritation due to discomfort; perhaps this has affected my views.

If "The Edge of the Storm" is the most suitable work for production in London that has been offered to Mr. Forbes-Robertson since his last appearance here, there appears to be some truth in the talk about the dearth of plays; but it is difficult to believe that a mediocre melodrama, even if garnished with some passages of dialogue better in style than that which used to be current at the Adelphi, and dignified by an absence of old-fashioned comic relief, really represents the state of the play-market. Mr. Robertson does himself injustice, since in this class of work there is no scope for his admirable art. His part could not have been better acted, but was not worth acting. Of course, the drama has some of the qualities of its defects. There are vivid, sensational scenes and exciting episodes: owing to lack of technical skill, the dramatist fails to get full effect from her materials. Yet there is plenty of matter to please the simple playgoer, whose enjoyment will be increased, I think, if some of the dialogue is simplified and the piece rendered a little easier to follow. Miss Gertrude Elliott's style is not very well suited to the part of Leta, but a strong, able performance was given by Miss Tita Brand. Miss Henrietta Watson was almost thrown away on a small part; nevertheless, she managed to make a little of it, and there was good work done, under somewhat unfavourable circumstances, by Messrs. Titheradge, Mills, O'Neill, Sumner, and Mr. Ian Robertson.

STAGE AND STUDIO: A CHARMING STUDY.



MISS AGNES FRASER, PLAYING IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.

THE RETURN OF THE TRAVELLER AND THE TURTLE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SOME REVIVING CELEBRITIES.

I WAS fortunate enough to find the famous explorer, man of science, and Fellow of the Royal Society in his study. As I was shown in, he was engaged in teaching tricks to a large and remarkably intelligent turtle. It was an inexpressibly charming scene. It was some time before they noticed my presence. The turtle observed me first and coyly withdrew its head within its shell, from which it looked out with a shy expression in its beautiful dark eyes, as who should say, "Introduce me to your friend."

Surprised at the creature's unusual display of modesty, the famous explorer, man of science, and Fellow of the Royal Society turned and saw me. He betrayed a delicate confusion at this revelation of the intimacies of his home-circle, and the wombat, which had perched affectionately on his shoulder, fluttered away to a distant corner.

He came forward genially and shook my hand.

"I am an interviewer," I said, warning him, "and I may take down and reproduce what you say in the pages of the public Press."

He shook my hand still more heartily. "It is so very, very long," he said, "since I have had the pleasure of reading about myself in the paper."

"And to what do you attribute this happy revival?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Greatness," he said, "cannot be ignored for ever."

"Then it is true that you are to appear at the Tortodrome?"

He smiled enigmatically and patted the turtle on the back.

"Introduce me to your charming turtle," I said, for the creature still seemed to be suffering from the constraint always inevitable when the due formalities have not been observed. He apologised and introduced me. The creature smiled and allowed its head to come out, displaying a fine, intellectual forehead, quite devoid of hair and stretching all the way round. So expressive a face I have not often met with on a turtle.

"Yes," he said, reflectively, "for a long time the world has heard little of me. It is possible that if the *Daily Chronicle* had not become a halfpenny paper I should never have been heard of again. At a penny it denounced and then ignored me; at a halfpenny, in the search for the frivolous and exciting, it unearthed me and Madame Sarah Grand. We are not sorry, my turtle and I."

The faithful creature put its nose into his hand and looked up into his face with a happy smile.

"They found us," he said, "in a little country village, recalling, within the limited circumference of the village pond, the glorious past. And the little children stopped for penny voyages on their way from school."

The creature turned away with a shamefaced air. He patted it encouragingly.

"Yes, yes, it was rather a come-down—but one must live."

He turned to me apologetically. "My pet feels it rather keenly after her experience on the boundless ocean. She is very sensitive on these matters. It was a long time before I could persuade her to accept the offer from the Tortodrome. But she gave in after one postponement of our performance."

The turtle nodded sadly and a tear stood in her eye.

"There, there," he murmured; "it was the only way to make those sceptics believe in us. You were born for better things than soup. I have to be very careful," he whispered, "to keep her in a good temper. I have known her to get sulky in the middle of a voyage and take it into her head to become a submarine. I carry a diving-suit with me for such emergencies, but it is inconvenient. I remember once—"

The turtle jerked her head. The action would be best described as pricking up her ears, if she had had ears to prick.

"I remember once—we were crossing the Gulf of Carpenter and there was a heavy sea on—she had been swimming well for three days—we had a slight difference of opinion as to the course—she went on to the bottom and sat tight—sat there, I assure you, for six hours, and wouldn't budge till I admitted that I was wrong. You can understand it would be extremely awkward if anything of that kind were to happen in public. Out in the Australian seas it was merely tiresome; here it would mean money returned at the doors, which is always distressing to one who must live."

I agreed, and put in a word of admiration for the creature's remarkable intelligence.

"Yes," he sighed, "if only she could talk! I hear that there are people who disbelieve the account of the things I've done. Why?

Because there's no corroboration. Here's my corroboration, but she can't talk. It's a cowardly thing," he said, "to say she's a liar simply because she can't talk! Did they call you a liar, then, and declare you never saw a wombat fly?"

The turtle crept close to his side and wept scalding tears.

"It isn't for myself that I mind their rude remarks: I'm hardened to it; but she feels it keenly, as you see. These newspaper fellows forget how they may hurt those who are near and dear to us. Why, I have known her to boil with rage—!" He checked himself suddenly, for the creature shuddered all over and started as if struck.

"I shouldn't have said 'boil,'" he explained, in a low voice. "It does remind her so of soup. I have seen her rage about the room—an unusual thing, I may mention, in a turtle—at the mere sight of a newspaper during the time, you remember, when the papers were making suggestions about my veracity, which, I am glad to say, nobody believed for a moment. I assure you on one occasion she nearly killed herself by half-swallowing a pen with which she had had some vague idea of writing a fiery letter to the Editor. You can understand how one whose back has ached with carrying me should be indignant at the statement that she never carried me at all."

"Quite," I said, and the turtle looked at me gratefully. I felt I had made a friend for life. Even the wombat, by nature a timid creature, fluttered a little nearer.

"But now," he said, "we are looking forward to a return to public life which shall confound the scoffers. I am writing another paper dealing with some of my more recent experiences."

"Really," I said, "and might I have one or two selections in advance?"

He hesitated. "It would be hardly fair to the learned Society before whom I propose to read it if I anticipated—"

I pressed for a crumb or two of truth.

"Well, I might just hint to you one or two of the less remarkable events. I was in South Africa, you know, with my bicycle during the War—merely as a Correspondent of the— I will not mention the paper: no doubt you recognised my style. My turtle accompanied me. On one occasion, I remember, I was riding along at a leisurely pace—she was trotting by my side—when of a sudden I came upon two of the enemy. A De Rougenoir flies, but never surrenders."

"Lies, did you say?" I asked, taking it down.

"Flies," he repeated, with emphasis. "I will confess that I turned my machine and fled. It was a long, straight road. I had gone ten yards when they recovered their presence of mind and fired. Thus I had ten yards' start of their bullets. I am considered a good rider. I could hear them coming up behind me—"

"The two Boers?"

"No, the two bullets—as I hurtled through the air. At first they were gradually overtaking me, till I got my full speed up. Then I kept them just five yards behind. I admit I was riding harder than ever I rode before. It was a question which should drop first, they or I—"

My glance wandered to the turtle. Its mouth was screwed up, as a man would screw up his mouth in saying "He's a dear, good fellow, but—". And, as I looked, the eye nearest to me closed heavily in a portentous wink.

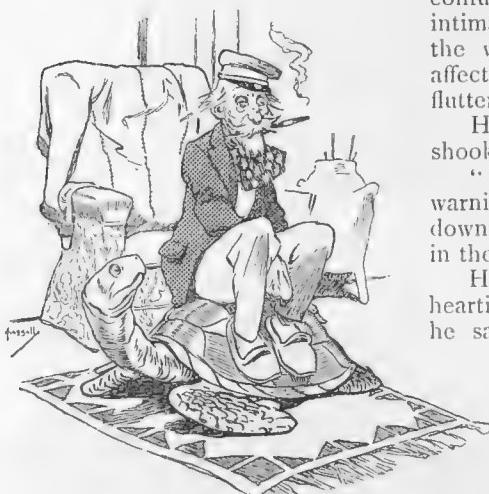
"On and on we went. I was growing tired, and they rushed hissing up behind. At last I came to a bend in the road. 'Thank Heaven,' said I, 'I am saved.' I whirled 'round to the right, thinking that now I was in safety. But, no: one of the fiendish



"At first they were gradually overtaking me."

projectiles ricocheted against a milestone and came tearing after me in mad pursuit. I got up speed again and went on despairingly for another mile or so, till finally it overtook me, but at that moment dropped exhausted down the back of my collar. The story appeared in the paper for which I acted. You don't believe it? My turtle saw it all and will corroborate."

He turned to find the creature, but she had drawn her head within her shell, crawled under the table, and would not be tempted out.—J. W.



"Introduce me to your charming turtle," I said.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE RIVIERA.



"DO WE NEED THE ACTRESS?"

A REPLY TO LAST WEEK'S DISCUSSION, "DO WE NEED THE ACTOR?"

"SAUCE for the goose is sauce for the gander." In its last number, *The Sketch* discussed the question whether the women on the stage have not all the attributes for ruling the roost theatrical and excluding men from the position in which it must be admitted, they once ruled supreme. In the days before the Restoration, the actor, as we know, had it all his own way, and the ladies have this week to face the question whether they cannot be dispensed with now as they were before.

The first consideration in the theatre which rises, or would rise, superior to the need of femininity is that of the masculine tendency to a beard and moustache. It is, however, no inseparable obstacle, as our players have abundantly testified, though unshaven chins are permissible only in the case of the witches in "Macbeth," for which reason until quite recently they were all always played by men. Even to-day their feminine attributes are only partly recognised, for not more than one is ever acted by a woman. The next manager, therefore, who produces that most ensanguined drama may obtain a certain amount of advertisement by restoring the witches to their proper sex.

Who, thinking of the first actor of our day, would associate Sir Henry Irving with a female part? Yet, if the tradition is true, he once, in the early days of his career, played a witch in an extravaganza in Edinburgh, and played it so magnificently that the notice he was under to leave the Company was withdrawn and he was engaged for another season. If the story is not true, it is, at least, "well found," and leads insensibly to the idea that, if ever Sir Henry wanted to appear in feminine attire, he might do so as Meg Merrilles, that famous character in which, by the way, several men have appeared.

While the authors of the past recognised the supremacy of young men as the impersonators of the female characters, the custom of not allowing women to appear still dies hard in certain places, and the time is quite within the memory of men still far removed from middle-age when, in some of the Colonies, popular opinion first allowed woman to take her rightful place in the drama.

The modern author does not by any means ignore the services of men as women, though it must be admitted that, when he puts a man into petticoats, it is invariably for a humorous purpose and not for the serious conduct of a scene.

That, undoubtedly, was the case when, in "A Country Girl," Mr. Huntley Wright attended the ball given by the Minister of Fine Arts as a lady and made us laugh at the imitable manner in which he discussed the things "we girls" like to do. If he did not reverse the maxim of Portia and turn "a manly stride" into "two mincing steps," he certainly suggested certain attributes of eccentric womanhood—overcoloured, it is true, to suit the exigencies of the woman, but overcoloured in a pleasant and by no means offensive manner.

And, with "Charley's Aunt" "still running," as the posters say, who can possibly forget Mr. Penley as the undergraduate with a taste for private theatricals and the many actors who have imitated him all over the world? A whole book might be written of Mr. Dan Leno's feminine representations, all alike in their laughter-compelling qualities, yet all so different in their characterisation. Mr. Leno's

colleague, Mr. Herbert Campbell, has, too, often appeared in frills and furbelows on the stage of Drury Lane, where, in one well-remembered pantomime, Mr. Harry Nicholls, greatly daring, put off the semblance of masculinity and disguised himself after the manner of one of the queens of the regular stage, Miss Ellen Terry.

Nor must Mr. Harry Randall be forgotten, or Mr. George Robey, or the many "female impersonators" who used at one time to be a regular feature of the music-hall entertainments. Many of them, to transpose a famous dramatist's remark about a famous actor's Hamlet, were vulgar without being funny, though some exhibited an extraordinary skill in mimicry which was by no means limited by their ventriloquial powers, in which respect such entertainers as Segommer, who was recently appearing at the Hippodrome, showed a remarkable proficiency.

No one would ordinarily associate Mr. Beerbohm Tree with feminine disguise, yet, as Falstaff, he has to submit to an appearance as the "Old Woman of Brentford," though it is probably the only time in his career when he has had to put on petticoats. Mr. Fred Kerr has been playing bullying men so much lately that one is apt to lose sight of the fact that only a few years ago he was a light comedian acting in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," at the Vaudeville, masquerading as a girl after he had submitted, off the stage, to the operation of having his moustache shaved off. About the same time and following close on the heels of that came another play, at the Globe, "Miss Francis of Yale," in which, in America, Mr. Etienne Girardot originally acted.

In the provinces and suburbs there has been acted, on and off, for probably the best part of twenty years, a play called "Fun on the Bristol," in which Mr. John F. Sheridan plays an Irishwoman, and at the Princess's Mr. Neill Burgess came from America to play in "The Country Fair."

To balance the talent to be obtained from Cambridge, the names of two Oxford graduates may be mentioned. It was as Cassandra that Mr. F. R. Benson first attracted notice as an actor, and Mr. John Brabourne is, in the provinces, as well known for his "dames" as Mr. Dan Leno is in London.

And lastly, to associate the names of some of our best actors with this list, let it be remembered that in his early days, as a member of the then Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's Company at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Mr. John Hare played Zerlina in a burlesque of "The Bohemian Girl"; Mr. Seymour Hicks was one of the Ugly Sisters in "Cinderella"; and Mr. William Mollison once, as Bonnie Prince Charlie, had to disguise himself as an old woman; while in many melodramas in the provinces men still play the comedy-woman's part.

When the manager arises, therefore, who is bold enough to run a Company manned by women at one theatre, he may treat us to the spectacle of another theatre entirely womanned by men. It will be no matter that his "leading lady" is tall, for do not leading ladies to-day "come high," in more senses than one? There are surely some leading actors who would make passable girls, and there is a wealth of array of talent to choose from for the comedy characters, old or young, as well as for the "old women."



MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AS AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS ADA REEVE AND COMPANY ON TOUR
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW."



A SWINGING DRIVE.

HOW MISS REEVE SHAKES OFF THE CARES OF MANAGEMENT.



A FRIENDLY HINT.



Miss Ada Reeve.

[Photograph by West and Son, Southsea.]

A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FULL COMPANY ON THE STAGE. THE DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING GENTLEMAN IN CLERICAL DRESS IS MR. ROBB HARWOOD.



MR. HENRY VIBART, THE "LEADING MAN."



MR. WILFRID COTTON, MISS ADA REEVE'S HUSBAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have removed to new premises in Portugal Street, immediately adjoining King's College Hospital. The design is by Mr. Horace Field, and possesses some architectural distinction, while ample provision has been made for all the business of a great publishing-house. Messrs. Bell have occupied for nearly forty years the well-known quarters in York Street, Covent Garden, which have been associated with the book trade for nearly a century. The literary associations of York Street with Thomas De Quincey and other authors are exceptionally interesting.

The death of Mr. W. T. Arnold, brother of Mrs. Humphry Ward, means the loss of one of the ablest, most accomplished, and most active of journalists. Mr. Arnold was only fifty-one, and for nine years he had suffered patiently from disabling illness. Born in Tasmania, where his father was at that time Inspector of Schools, he came to Rugby under Dr. Temple, and rose in due time to be head boy. At Oxford he distinguished himself by a remarkable essay on Roman Provincial Administration. He read very widely in French and German, and perhaps a certain want of concentration was against his success in the Schools. But, on the other hand, he was singularly well-fitted for the journalistic work he took up on the *Manchester Guardian*, of which for years, among many able co-workers, he was the life and soul. His main characteristic as a journalist was extreme rapidity. He could read quickly, think quickly, and write quickly. His acquaintance with foreign contemporary literature was unrivalled, and he was a sound and refined critic. His work on Keats is admirable, though Mr. Robert Bridges must be acknowledged as the winner of the palm.

In his brother-in-law Mr. T. Humphry Ward's valuable anthology of English Poets Mr. Arnold wrote some scholarly and felicitous essays. In the work of his famous sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, he was deeply interested, and it is no secret that the "History of David Grieve" owes much to his knowledge of Lancashire. Mr. Arnold attracted many friends, and his house for years was one of the literary centres of Manchester. Five years ago he had to give up the work he pursued so ably and strenuously and come to London; but he was more or less active to the last, and the letters which he published in the *Spectator* recently under the pseudonym of "Vigilans, sed Aequus," which were afterwards printed in a small volume with the title of "German Ambitions," were, perhaps, such as no man could have written but himself. Mr. Arnold was married to a granddaughter of Archbishop Whately, and is buried at Shelford, near Cambridge, the old home of his wife's family.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose last book, "Rebecca," seems to be her most popular, has written a new work in collaboration with three British friends. It will probably be published in September.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, whose contributions to the *Academy* and other journals are beginning to attract attention, is, I am told, an Armenian. It is still more interesting to know that his wife is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell.

The distinguished position of Librarian to the Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh, vacant through the death of Dr. Law, has been conferred upon Mr. John Philip Edmond. Many candidates were in the field, including one of the most distinguished of Scottish historians, and three were chosen out of whom the selection was made. Mr. Edmond

has been for some years Chief Librarian to the Earl of Crawford at Haigh Hall, Wigan, and is a thoroughly competent man. He was in the running for the recent vacancy in the Librarianship to the House of Lords. Mr. Edmond has made some important contributions to bibliography, dealing chiefly with the annals of Scottish Printing.

Mr. G. S. Street, I understand, has been living out of London for some time, and his name has been less frequent in the periodicals than of old. In the interval he has been thinking over the present situation in the literary world. Ten years ago, he tells us, there was quite a boom in writers, at least in London. People with large houses liked

to fill them from the publishers' lists. There were many literary enterprises in the world of journalism which claimed and received attention. But in Mr. Street's view this is over. He sees no successor to the young writers of that period, unless it be an author who "grows you paradoxes while you sleep all over the place." Is it that they lack a boom, or does the boom lack them? Mr. Street thinks that clever youths do not see a good prospect in journalism, and the demand for educated men in the profession is not what it was, nor their pay either, while the expenses of living are increased. So the abler men betake themselves elsewhere, and "are immersed in pursuits which leave no time or taste for essays and criticisms." Mr. Street's view is very disputable, as no one knows better than himself, but it was worth expressing. There can be no doubt that a certain kind of writing which used to flourish in newspapers and was well paid for is now much at a discount. But there may be compensations and new openings, all the same. I rather think there are.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will shortly issue a book by G. D. Ingall and George Withers on the London Stock Exchange. It traces the Stock Exchange bargain from the client to the broker, and through the broker to the jobber, up to the final adjustment of the transaction between the original buyer or seller and the ultimate deliverer or purchaser at the Stock Exchange Settlement. Illustrations are also given of every type of book employed in the office of a member of the Stock Exchange; and there is an explanation of the sciences of investment and speculation, and of

the pitfalls that beset the path of the speculative investor. Such a book might well be a contribution to literature—if it were a book by a Bagehot.

O. O.

"CHICOT'S" NEW NOVEL.

"The God in the Garden," Keble Howard's humorous novel of country life published on Monday last by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is described by the author as "an August comedy." The scene is laid in a quaint old village situated in that beautiful yet little-explored portion of Shakspere's country, the Forest of Arden. The main character in the story is a wealthy but eccentric spinster, who, after years of armed neutrality, suddenly determines to use her wealth in order to bring about the discomfiture of her enemies in "Wootton-in-Arden" and the neighbourhood. The plot that she hatches is a subtle one, but she forgets to reckon with a certain great little God who takes up his quarters in the spinster's garden. The volume has been charmingly illustrated by Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., an artist whose name will be familiar to all our readers. The author is even more intimately associated with this journal, and it is for this reason that we refrain from saying anything as to the merits of the novel itself.



A NEW HUMOUROUS NOVEL OF COUNTRY LIFE BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND A COTTAGE."

Reduced facsimile of the Cover-design (in green, white, and gold) by Frank Reynolds, R.I.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"FORT AMITY."
By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
(Murray. 6s.)

fortunes of a younger son of the à Cleeves, a West Country Roman Catholic family with which "Q's" readers have already scraped acquaintance in a powerful but melancholy story. The John à Cleeve whose exploits in the struggle between Britain and France for the possession of Canada form the theme of the volume under consideration belonged to an earlier generation, but he had the curious racial twist that led him into situations which the average prudent man could not understand. The aforesaid prudent man was in à Cleeve's case his cousin, Dick Montgomery, who watched with stupefaction Ensign John's capability for throwing to the winds chance after chance of promotion. The reason, of course, was a romantic attachment to a French girl, the daughter of the Commandant of Fort Amity. Of the lovers' vicissitudes, their long separation, and ultimate fate the reader must learn for himself from "Q's" vivid pages. The author has always managed incidental war-pictures deftly; he has now proved himself a master of the pitched battle, and he can sustain his descriptive effects through campaign after campaign. It is questionable whether the last two episodes are necessary, for the story is already rounded off, but they may be accepted for the opportunity they give the writer of exercising his peculiar manner, surely the

most delightful and persuasive possessed by living writers of romance. "Q" the backwoodsman is as welcome as "Q" the Cornish worthy. A pleasant little incident of personal history is connected with the book, which seems to have originated in a conversation between Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Henry Newbolt on a day when they both travelled down to their old school, Clifton, and each entered a son there.

"THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER."
By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
(Methuen. 6s.)

plot and counter-plot to obtain possession of certain ancient parchments relating to the discovery and ownership of a Sacred Lake in Mexico, which, apparently, is as chock-full of treasure as Sol Gills was of science, follow each other with bewildering rapidity. Mr. Hugh Glynn, it seems to us, mistook his vocation, for a detective whose teeth now and again close with a snap, who sets his chin firmly, burns with self-righteousness, and averts his face so that his inmost thoughts may escape scrutiny, is something of a curiosity. This comic detective, too, has a mouth hidden by a heavy black moustache like a cavalryman's in one chapter, and, a little later on, dons a dark wig and a black moustache as a disguise, while, when he is not shouting or thundering, he is doing something very subtle—at least, so he informs us. Occasionally he wriggles on hands and knees when, apparently, he might just as well walk, and, in a particular instance, he and a fellow conspirator contrive to look through a single key-hole at the same time—a sufficiently astonishing feat even for two "Criminal Investigators." Curiously enough, at the end of the story, we find this detective of so many and rare accomplishments resuming the career of a barrister, with another detective, "retired compulsorily from Scotland Yard upon a small pension," as his clerk. Mr. Le Queux has many mannerisms in writing that irritate one, and it seems a pity he does not collaborate with some writer who, while not possessing such a prolific flow of ideas, has a keener sense of humour and is a better judge of probabilities and possibilities.



"Q": A CARICATURE.

Mr. Le Queux's novels are always full of incident, and his latest book, "The Hunchback of Westminster," is no exception to the rule. The story is told by a private detective—"Mr. Hugh Glynn, Secret Investigator"—and

"LYCHGATE HALL."
By M. E. FRANCIS.
(Longmans, Green. 6s.)

The step-son (Luke Wright) of a prosperous yeoman farmer tells this story of the days of Queen Anne, and from the moment that Mistress Dorothy Ullathorne descends from the coach at the village inn he is her obedient slave and chronicler of her fortunes. She has come to view tumbledown Lychgate Hall, of which one wing alone is habitable, and which, having been an old friary, possesses a graveyard to the right of the house. Luke is deputed to show her the place by his lawyer uncle, and finds her undismayed by the ruinous condition of the old house. To add to its gruesomeness, at times a ghostly funeral cavalcade can be heard making solemn and slow progress towards the lychgate. When a beautiful, young, unknown lady becomes the possessor of such a habitation, with only an old man-servant to look after her, the mystery is plainly there for the unravelling. It must be confessed at once that it is but a small mystery, though it forms the theme of such a very long story; and why she should for so long have refused to marry her cousin, on the score of a disgrace attaching to one of her relatives, it is difficult to see, for, he being a blood relation, any such disgrace must necessarily in a measure be shared by him. We are grateful for some pretty, old-world dialogues—a dainty description of an old-fashioned haymaking, with master, men, and maidens sharing the pleasant labour; for details of curious customs, such as the "flowering of the marlpit" and "flax-breaking," but the story shows the marks of the padding which goes to the making of a long serial, and we miss the quaint jests and unexpected humour Mrs. Blundell gave us in "The Manor Farm." The spontaneity of genuine inspiration is lacking.

"THE PERADVENTURES OF PRIVATE PAGETT."
By MAJOR W. P. DRURY.
(Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d.)

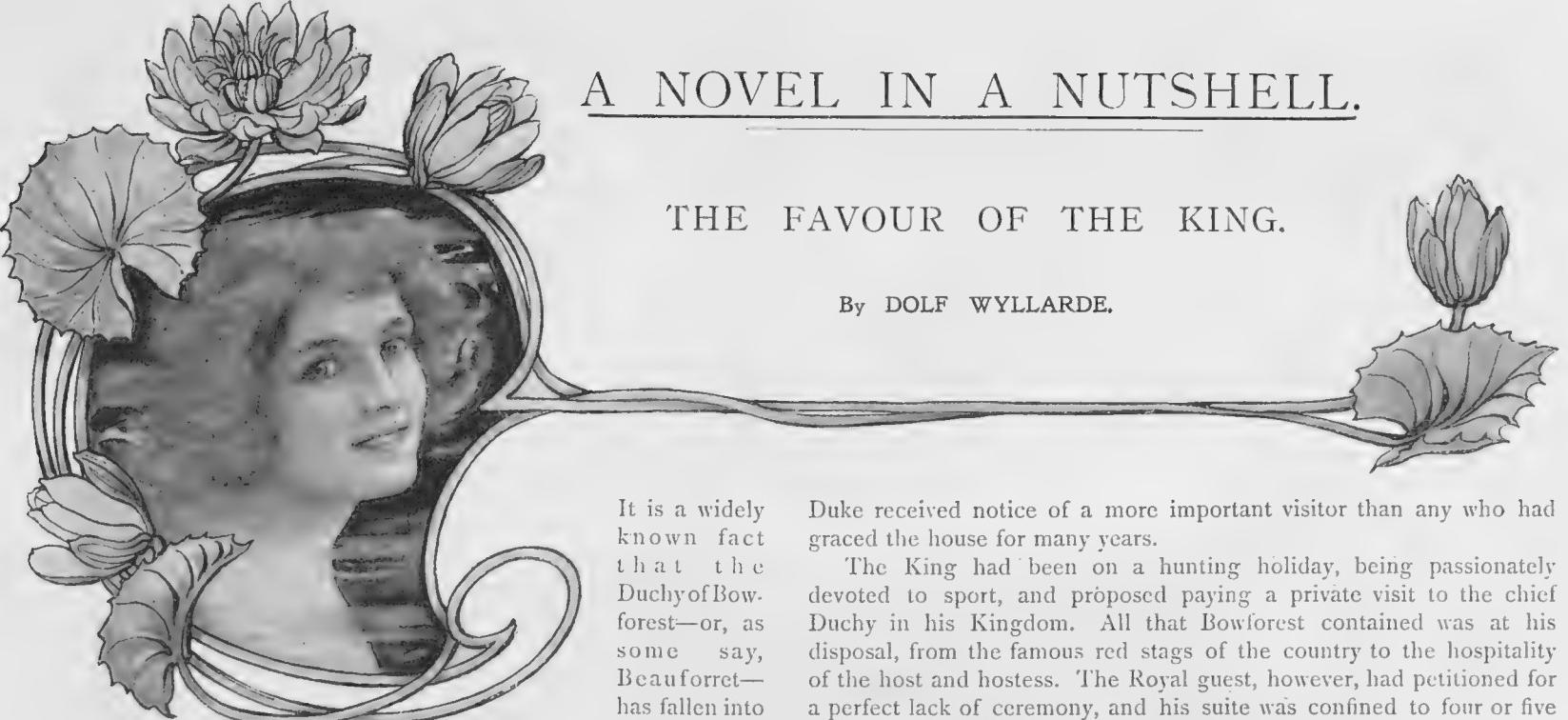
When the question of filling the vacant space in Trafalgar Square which is giving nightly concern and nightly applause to a popular singer really comes to the fore, His Majesty's Marines should certainly agitate for a monument to Private Pagett. Has he not once and for all vindicated their honour, quashed the contemptuous "tell that to the Marines" of the ordinary seaman, by proving that the "Jolly" can yarn as readily and as picturesquely as the "A. B."? Those who doubt must read his "Peradventures" as set forth by Major Drury. They reveal him a veritable Brigadier Gerard of a Marine, a recorder of that richly embroidered Naval history which the historian, not having the privilege of Private Pagett's acquaintance, has been forced to ignore, and, at least, a supporter of his own contention that "the most cur'ous things of all are those what are left out of the 'istory books." To many, his "postscripts" will give greater amusement than the more official works to which they are addenda; what the historian will say is another matter. That they do not suffer by comparison with those of the practised sailor and the imaginative, nimble-tongued longshoreman is indubitable. What is an eighty-foot sea-serpent, with flaming eyes, forked tongue, and spiked back, to a battleship stranded in a jungle and manned by a crew of Rip van Winkles? What the story of sanguinary encounters with cannibal kings to the aptly-named gunboat *Janus*, regularly transformed into the semblance of a vessel entitled to fly the black flag, carrying ingenious sailor-men who practise piracy under a guise of black and feathers, and sent to capture herself? Certainly Private Pagett has earned a monument. Meantime, perhaps, he will emulate another distinguished traveller, and drive a "tantum" round the Hippodrome ring—by hypnotism or otherwise.

"Soldier and Sailor too" is a well-worn phrase, yet nothing so aptly conveys to the mind in few words the fine qualities and varied services of the Royal Marines. While the "Tommy" of the Line is, as a rule, called upon to fight only in campaigns or operations which get their full share of publicity, the "Jolly" plays a part in numberless little affairs that too often escape notice. "Per Mare, per Terram," is the Marine's motto, and when he is on shore in his own country he should, at least, be made comfortable. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is Colonel of this distinguished corps, and under his patronage and that of the Princess a Special Matinée will be given at the Adelphi to-morrow (June 9) in order to raise funds to provide cubicles for Marines in the Union Jack Club. The entertainment begins with the first Act of "The Earl and the Girl," and, by permission of their respective managers, songs and recitations will be rendered by Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss May Yohe, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Mr. Malcolm Scott, who have kindly given their services. The members of the old Savoy Company will also appear in selections from "Merrie England" and "A Princess of Kensington," and these items alone should be amply sufficient to draw a large audience of old Savoyards who will be only too glad to meet and greet their friends and favourites once more.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF JOHN HASSALL.



"LEFT IN CHARGE."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FAVOUR OF THE KING.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

It is a widely known fact that the Duchy of Bowforest—or, as some say, Beauforret—has fallen into disrepute in social high-

ways, and that the last two holders of the title have not been summoned to Court. But the reason is not, as many suppose, a political one; nor is it entirely on account of the *mésalliance* of the late Duke, though it certainly resulted from that strange marriage.

The Kings of Aul-Atlantis have always been—well, gallant. When the Court is at Appledore, the capital boasts that the most beautiful faces of the civilised world are to be seen on the King's Highway at the fashionable hour, and the present monarch's manners to women could only have been acquired as an inheritance. But the last Duke of Bowforest, even as a young man, did not take the King as his model, like other of the younger nobility, and retired more and more to his enormous estates, where, in his thirtieth year, he completed the estrangement between himself and Society by taking a wife from one of the small fiefs dependent on the Duchy. There was no disguising the fact—though, at first, it was discredited in "smart" circles—the Duke had married a peasant! She was not even of the *bourgeoisie*, an increasing and powerful class whose wealth was gradually entitling them to consideration. The young woman was the daughter of a man and his wife who worked on the Duke's own farm-lands; they were toilers of the soil, as the Duchess would have been had she not been raised to such an extraordinary position. Naturally enough, the Duke retained his office as Hereditary Grand Almoner, for the dispensing of the King's charities was not seriously embarrassed by his wife's origin—the poor people, indeed, seemed to like it. But his position as Premier Duke and Chief Courtier dropped into abeyance, for he neither went to Court nor took the Duchess.

Having married Amoura, the Duke devoted the next year or so to educating her, and they lived very quietly on the immense estates of the Duchy, doing good, it was reported, and much loved by the common people. Amoura was said to be a virtuous woman, and beautiful. But that hardly excused the Duke from following the traditions of his race and country and marrying some lady of his own class whose name had escaped more than a little handling. He held strange views, that appeared to deepen rather than otherwise as time went on, and showed no inclination to display his beautiful wife in the glare of social life, though, being the Duke of Bowforest and first in the nobility of Aul-Atlantis, no breath of opinion on the Court had ever been imputed to him. Old friends who claimed a welcome in the Duchy were sure to find it, and those who had stayed with the Duke and Duchess reported her as outshining all the fair faces which made Appledore famous. She was a large woman, built on a generous scale like her peasant ancestors, and her dull golden hair and wonderful white skin put admirers in mind of a white lily with a golden centre.

When their first child was born, a larger gathering than usual was assembled at Bowforest for the christening, and, from this, veritable and emphatic accounts of the glorious beauty of the Duchess reached the Court. The child was a boy, and as fine and fair as his mother, so that the Duke seemed, even to those who blamed the eccentricity of his marriage, a fortunate man. The baby was a year old, and as strong as a child of two, on the day when the

Duke received notice of a more important visitor than any who had graced the house for many years.

The King had been on a hunting holiday, being passionately devoted to sport, and proposed paying a private visit to the chief Duchy in his Kingdom. All that Bowforest contained was at his disposal, from the famous red stags of the country to the hospitality of the host and hostess. The Royal guest, however, had petitioned for a perfect lack of ceremony, and his suite was confined to four or five gentlemen, one of whom, his Equerry, Captain Saumerez, had brought the intimation of his advent.

It was a golden afternoon on which the King arrived at Bowforest. His Majesty drove in an open carriage with three of his suite, the rest being on horseback, and, as the party swept round the curve of the drive into view of the historical house, he was heard to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

"I have not been at Bowforest since I was a young man," he said. "How grand that West Front is, Saumerez!"

"Yes, your Majesty," said the Equerry. But his eyes, following the King's, did not see the West Front, which is the boast of Bowforest and looks its best in the sunset. Buttress and archway, stone carving and battlement, stood out nobly in the glow from the west, and under the winged horses that guard the threshold stood the Duke and Duchess—a strong man and a fair woman. Seen for the first time in the ripeness of her beauty, there was that in Amoura's face which made men gasp. She was something more than a picture to be admired—the human reality of her compelled something like adoration.

There was no ceremony in the King's reception. The Duke kissed his hand and presented the Duchess, who, in her turn, curtsied, nor was there any awkwardness in the peasant's greeting of her monarch. She had large, grave eyes, with a frank width between them, and they dwelt on his face with a softness that might have been respect or speculation, but was certainly not timidity. She spoke little at the dinner, during which the King sat on her right hand, but her attention to all he said was perfect courtesy. The King, who was a good talker himself, found it the best of breeding.

For the few days that the Royal party remained at Bowforest the hours were chiefly given up to sport. The King was still a keen rider and loved shy game; his heavy figure was against him, but he was no laggard. Though middle-aged, he was still a handsome man, and his hairless, dusky face had the Royal attribute of dignity. He was pleased with his entertainment, the Equerries whispered; he rallied the Duke on his absence from the Court, and added that it was no wonder that he was satisfied to remain in retirement, having such a home-life; he admired the prosperity of the estates, and wished that all his kingdom were as wisely sub-governed as Bowforest; he—looked at the Duchess.

It was the King's custom to rise early. On the day of his departure he was abroad before breakfast, and strolled through the grounds enjoying an exceptional spell of fine weather. The Duke did not know of the Royal fancy for early rising, and was not in evidence to join His Majesty. The Equerries knew it, but they had not informed their host. Perhaps the King was glad for once to be without companionship, for it is not given to monarchs to escape from the least surveillance very often. The King walked across the lawns slowly, and brushed the dew from the daisies with a heavy footstep as he passed into the rose-garden. He had brushed the dew from other flowers, too, in the years of his reign that lay behind him.

On the further side of the rose-garden he found a bower, the perfection of artistic rusticity, the wooden framework being so cunningly twined with roses and honeysuckles, jessamine and

creepers, that it was not visible. The place was a veritable shrine of Flora, and, behold—Flora had come to grace it!

As the King approached, the Duchess turned round and showed him her kind, beautiful face in all its morning freshness. She had been reading, it would seem, among the roses, for she held the book in her hand, and stood aside, framed in leaves and petals, to allow him to enter.

"It is a lovely morning!" said the King.

"You will find none fairer at Appledore, Sire," smiled the Duchess.

"No; one misses the freshness of the world in cities," said the King, breaking a spray of jessamine. He smelt it appreciatively, and tossed it outside the bower. The Duchess's eyes followed it with a large, grave glance. Something that might have been pity for the broken spray was in their slow comprehension, but a snapped stalk in mid-bloom must be weighed against the favour of Kings.

"And when are you coming to Court?" said the King, turning to the Duchess, with a smile. "The Duke has hidden you among the roses long enough, has he not?"

"My husband loves his gardens, Sire," said the Duchess, who was very sweetly literal. "We should miss them in your capital."

"But I have gardens as well as the Duke," said the King, laughing, and his voice was the voice with which the Kings of Aul-Atlantis have wooed and won. "You have never given my garden a fair trial!"

The woman, who was first a woman and then a Duchess, looked at the man who was first a King, according to the law; and her cloudless grey eyes were contemplative. She did not seem to comprehend the compliment that was being paid her; but her rich, white beauty was ravishing in its silence.

"I am also a lover of flowers," said a whisper at her ear. "The fairest flowers in the kingdom are said to be found in my garden—but I find now that it has lacked an Imperial Lily." Amoura's attentive face appeared to follow his simile. He stooped suddenly and kissed the Duke's wife, his eyes aflame.

"Will you come into the King's garden?" said the King.

The Duchess was a peasant, and understood no gradations. The slow peasant brain had followed him out to the full glare of the insult—that was to more refined minds a compliment. It takes generations of fine birth and breeding to appreciate the favour of the King. They of the soil call it by an ugly name unfit for delicate ears.

She did not answer in words. She lifted a beautifully moulded hand and boxed the Royal ears as soundly as she would have struck an impudent valet. It was the first time that the King had been made to understand that he had made an error with regard to a woman. He drew back with instant and immediate courtesy.

"Madam," he said, "I beg your pardon."

But the Duchess had boxed his ears!

The King left Bowforest that day in a hush of reverence. The Duke kissed his hand, and the Duchess curtsied to the ground. The Equerries did not smile, but Captain Saumerez looked a little curiously in the King's face while His Majesty was thanking his host and hostess in his best manner for their hospitality. No man in his kingdom could equal him in charm when he made such a little speech.

"H'm!" said Captain Saumerez. "The Duchess has not appreciated the favour of the King!"—for he knew every shade and gradation of his Royal master's mind.

And that is why the Dukes of Bowforest do not go to Court.



"HOW WE RECOVERED THE ASHES; OR, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD,



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

R.G.



SIR HENRY IRVING'S unexpected announcement of his retirement when he has rounded off his total of fifty years' service on the stage has naturally been one of the most absorbing topics of the Green-room during the last few days. The announcement came with the more force by reason of that dramatic unexpectedness which is always such a potent factor on the stage. Two years is, however, a long time to which to look forward, and we need not begin unduly to repine at Sir Henry's decision; the more so in that those who hold him in highest regard and who have derived the keenest artistic pleasure from his acting should be the first to appreciate the wisdom of his resolve, so that the younger generation of playgoers who were unacquainted with the magnetic intensity of Mathias, the sardonic humour and superstitious fear of Louis XI., the outraged dignity and Semitic feeling of Shylock, to mention only three out of the long list of the triumphs of Henry Irving, may not quote those most objectionable words, "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." And, who knows, perhaps Sir Henry's activities will only be transferred in another direction, for he has often received requests to go into Parliament, and he may decide to give to the nation that ripeness of judgment of which he has been so often proved to be a master "in another place"?

The production of "Sergeant Brue" at the Strand, in which one of the parts is to be played by Mr. Gilbert Porteous, who in private life is the husband of Miss Ethel Irving, has been drawing our attention to the subject of what is called "joint engagements" in the land behind the scenes. The term is used to designate the appearance of a husband and wife in the same Company, and, though the public knows nothing of these things, it is astonishing what

pecuniary sacrifices will often be made by men and women to avoid being separated. They will even accept a joint salary which by no means represents the sum produced by the addition of the amount either is able to earn separately. In spite of this fact, however, managers, as a rule, do not look with favour on these joint engagements, for they say they occasionally lead to serious internal dissensions in the Company.

A game of what may be called "theatrical puss-in-the-corner" will probably be among the characteristics of the opening weeks of the

autumn season, for which preparations are already afoot. "The Duchess of Danitzic," as everyone knows, is to be withdrawn on Saturday, after a shorter run than had, perhaps, been expected. The theatre will then be taken in hand, in order that the County Council requirements may be carried out.

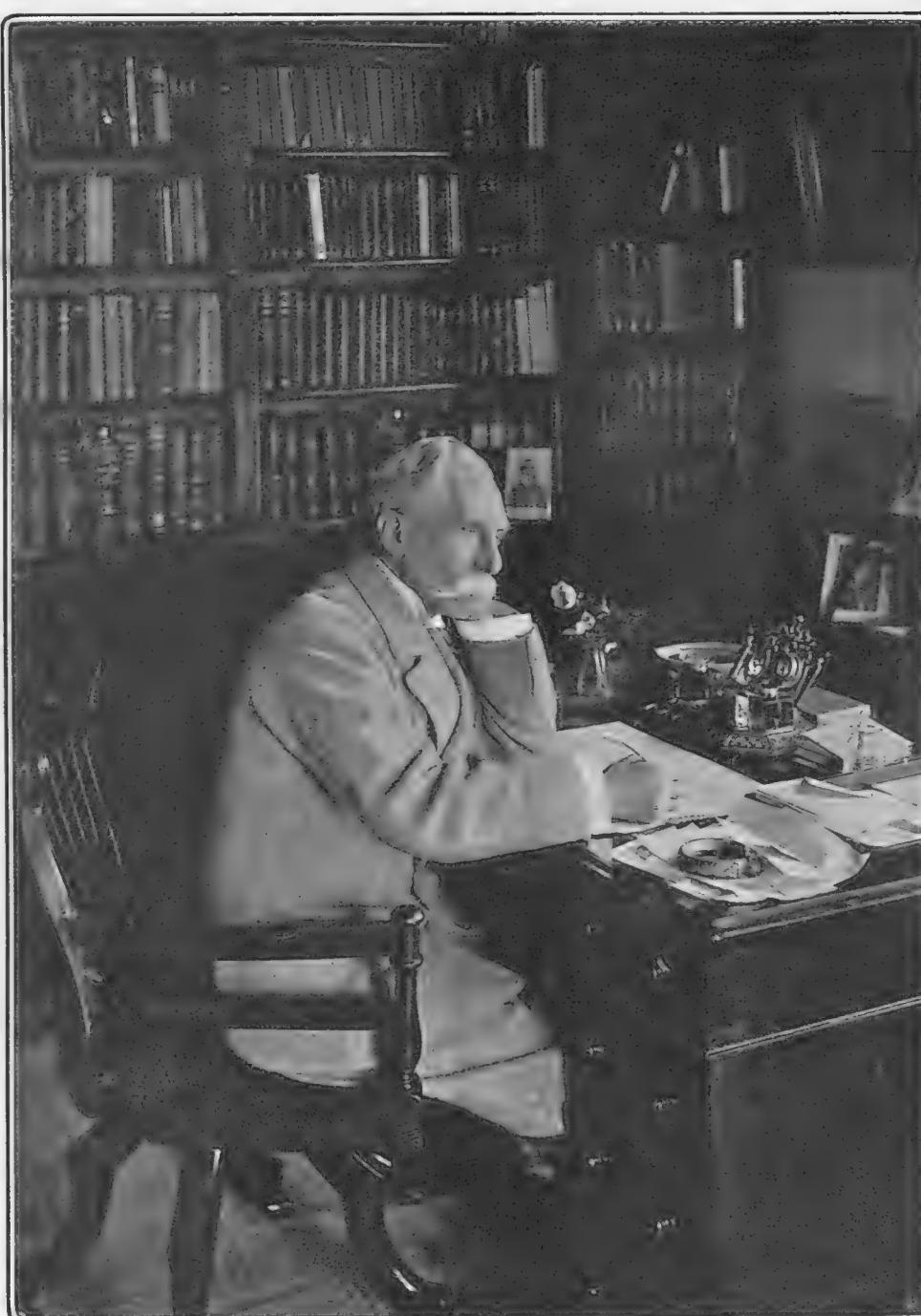
These alterations will take a couple of months. When the Lyric reopens, it will probably be with "The Earl and the Girl," transferred from the Adelphi in order to make room for Mr. Otho Stuart and Mr. Oscar Asche's season, which, it is to be hoped, will at least last the year for which the theatre has been taken, and Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude will move over to the New Theatre while their own home is in the hands of the decorators.

It is an open secret that the theatres, as a whole, are scarcely reaping a golden harvest this season. The first intimation comes from the banks. This is not, as might be supposed, because the amounts lodged by the managers are discussed in public, for these things are secrets and are religiously observed as such, but because the bank-clerks are among the first to receive free tickets when the stalls and dress-circle have to be filled with paper. As one of the bank-managers put it only a day or two ago, "My clerks have been having so many tickets for the theatre lately that it is difficult to get them to do their work properly."

The course of events during the last few weeks has served to demonstrate the fallacy so frequently advanced in what may be called quasi-theatrical circles, that theatres are difficult to get. As a matter of fact, the by no means infrequent changes of programme at the West-End enable almost anyone with a play and the necessary banking account to find an opportunity without waiting an

undue length of time. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, for instance, did not have to wait overlong after his return from America to get the Duke of York's, and the lack of success of "Cynthia" leaves Wyndham's free for Madame Réjane to display her brilliant art.

More than ordinary interest attaches to Mr. Laurence Irving's production of his own play, "Richard Lovelace," at the Kennington Theatre on the 20th inst. The leading part was designed for Mr. H. B. Irving, and the work itself was understood at the time to be Mr. Laurence Irving's wedding-present to his elder brother.



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE, WHOSE ONE-ACT PLAY, "A LESSON IN HARMONY," WILL SHORTLY BE PRODUCED AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

KEY-NOTES



IT is always a delight to hear Puccini's "La Bohème," and with a cast such as we had last week at Covent Garden it was doubly interesting. Melba, of course, took the part of Mimi, and most beautifully was it interpreted, for she was absolutely at her best; in the last Act she sang with a tenderness and a pathos which made

the death scene almost painful to witness. In the part of Rodolfo, Signor Caruso was magnificent; his emotional voice is admirably suited to such a part as this, and on the occasion in question he used it to its full advantage. Miss E. Parkina took the part of Musetta very charmingly, and M. Gilibert, Signor Scotti, M. Dufrière, and M. Journet were admirable in their respective rôles. Signor Mancinelli was the Conductor, and succeeded in giving a very fine rendering of the score.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS MURIEL FOSTER.

Taken by Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square, S.W.

a very excellent performance of Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon." It is, of course, pretty and full of tune, but it no longer has the freshness of youth. Madame Fanny Moody took the name-part admirably well; her singing is always interesting, if at times one finds it a trifle monotonous. In the part of Wilhelm, Mr. Francis MacLennan acted and sang with great energy and spirit. Miss Ada Davies was good in the rôle of Filina, her singing of the very florid song, "I am Titania," being especially noticeable, and Miss Toni Seiter sang with much intelligence throughout the evening. The opera was exceedingly well staged, and the orchestra, under Herr Eckhold, as usual, gave a spirited performance.

I very much regret to hear that Miss Marie Hall, the talented young violinist, is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, and that, in consequence, she has had to cancel all her numerous engagements for this season. I sincerely trust that Miss Hall will soon be restored to health and that in the near future she will be able to resume her violin-playing with renewed vigour.

Before these notes are in print Herr Van Dyck will have made his *rentrée* at Covent



THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN:
SIGNORA GIANNINA RUSS.

Photograph by Luca, Milan.

Garden in the part of Tannhäuser, and for that purpose he has arrived in London this week. This is one of Herr Van Dyck's best rôles, and opera-goers will look forward to his performance with much interest.

Mr. August Schmidt-Lindler gave last week the second of his concerts at the Bechstein Hall, and again proved himself to be a very able pianist. His playing of Bach is really quite remarkable, and nothing could have been more satisfactory than his rendering of five Preludes and Fugues, and also the "Capriccio" by the same composer. He also played a new Sonata in E-flat Minor by Paul Dukas, this being its first performance in England. It is not a particularly stimulating work, though it is calculated to show off the brilliance of any performer, and Mr. Schmidt-Lindler did all that was possible with it. His programme also included Chopin's Sonata in B Minor, and works by d'Albert and Rubinstein.

During the week Mr. Arthur Newstead gave a Pianoforte Recital at the St. James's Hall. He is a thoughtful and intelligent artist, and in his playing of

Brahms's Pianoforte Sonata in F Minor, Op. 5, made a very favourable impression. He was, however, heard to better advantage in his Chopin playing, his technique in this particular composer's work being quite remarkable; but Mr. Newstead should not allow technique to triumph over temperament in such work as this. Compositions by various composers concluded the programme.

That most delightful of artists, M. Plançon, made his first appearance at Covent Garden on Wednesday evening as Mephistopheles in "Faust." By now everybody knows M. Plançon's rendering of this part, and to say that he attained his usual triumphs is all that need be said of him. Madame Suzanne Adams was again the Marguerite, and M. Dalmorès sang the rôle of Faust. M. Renaud

was the Valentin, and Miss E. Parkina the Siebel. Take it all in all, it was an exceedingly satisfactory performance, a special word of praise being due to the Chorus, who both sang and acted with a real spirit of gaiety that was quite noticeable. The orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli, played throughout excellently well.

About the middle of the present month we are to hear M. Saint-Saëns' new opera, "Hélène," at Covent Garden, with Madame Melba singing the part which she created a short time ago at Monte Carlo. The cast will also include M. Dalmorès, Miss E. Parkina, and Madame Kirkby Lunn.

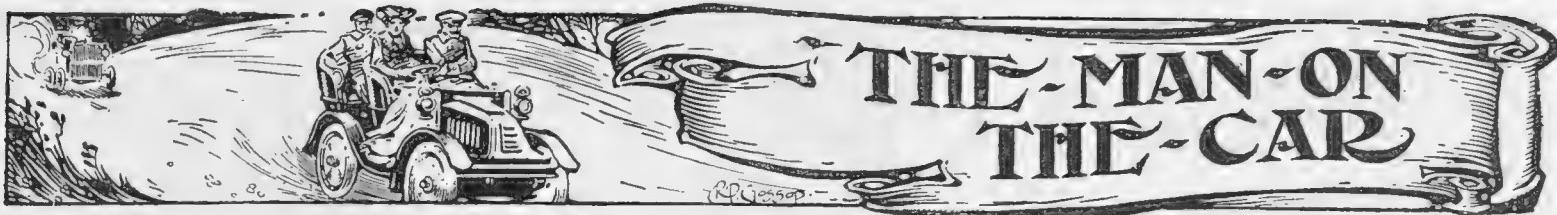
Mr. Otto Voss, a few afternoons ago, gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Queen's Hall, and proved himself to be a distinguished player. In Bach's "Chromatische Fantasie and Fugue," he showed great dignity and a sort of artistic humility without which it is quite impossible to understand that great composer's work. He also played Beethoven's Sonata in C in a most grave and determined manner, showing one that he has a very artistic and grave outlook upon the art which he has chosen for himself.

COMMON CHORD.



THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN:
M. LOUIS ARENS AS "TANNHÄUSER."

Photograph by Talma, Sydney.

*Non-Skidding Tests—Climbing Snowdon.*

THE Report of the Side-slip Committee upon the thirteen non-skidding devices submitted to the Automobile Club for experiment and test, together with the awards, forms very interesting reading. Three of these devices were integral parts of the tyre; three were metal discs in contact with the road, carried on arms attached to the back axle; two partook of the character of steel blades, kept in contact with the road-surface by springs, and were attached to the wheels; three were leather covers fitted over the tyre-covers, but detachable therefrom, and two were detachable chains or plates. As I have already posted those who do me the honour to read these notes week by week, the devices which were likely to suffer from road-friction were driven eight hundred and fifty-seven miles, while those that could be put in and out of action at will were run a sufficient distance to test their security. A trial of the devices for absorption

and a silver medal, and a detachable leather cover fitted with steel studs, which was demonstrated by the Civil Service Motor and Cycle Agency, took the third prize of fifty pounds and a silver medal. The Wilkinson tyre and tread was highly commended and gained a silver medal, as did the Vivian tread of alternate segments of hard and soft rubber.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Harvey Du Cros junior made his second attempt to climb Snowdon by means of a motor-car from Llanberis, per the permanent way of the Snowdon Mountain Tramroad, and was successful. He had essayed the feat—for a feat requiring not only the best of machines, but perfect driving skill and nerve, it undoubtedly is—for the first time in January last, when the snow lay thick upon the mountain-side, to find himself foiled, when two-thirds of the ascent had

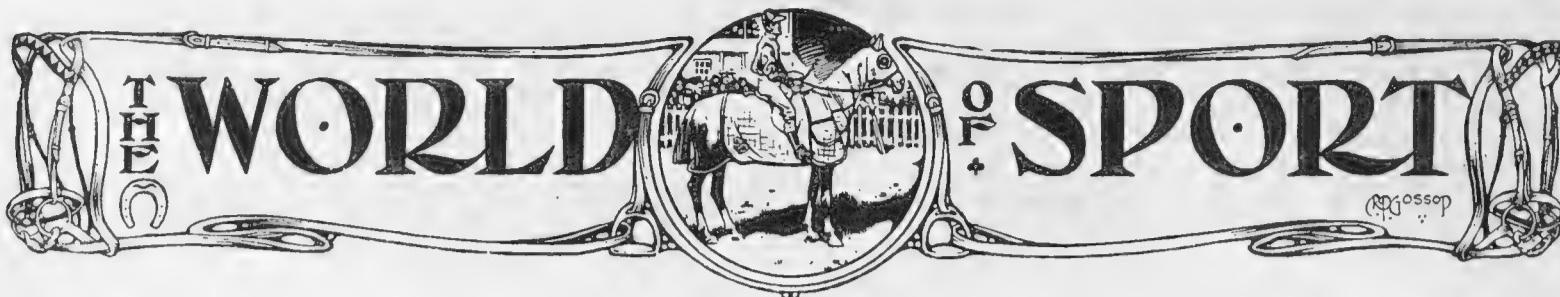


THE CONQUEST OF SNOWDON: MR. HARVEY DU CROS AND MR. H. J. SWINDLEY (*THE SKETCH* "MAN ON THE CAR") POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

of power was also made. The actual non-skidding tests were carried out on an asphalte surface covered with a thin layer of Thames mud and fluid soft-soap, which provided quite the wickedest slip-mixture I have ever seen.

The cars to which—or to the wheels of which—the non-skidding devices were attached were required to cross the greasy patch at speed and turn sharply before leaving it. Not one of the vehicles succeeded in turning, for, no matter how much the steering-wheels were wrenched round or locked over, the cars still went straight on, the front-wheels skidding straight forward in the direction of the car's progression. It was not until all four wheels were fitted with the non-skidding device that something approaching entire control over the treacherous surface was obtained. Braking and starting tests were also made, when it was seen that considerable variation in the bill of the devices existed. The result of the tests was that the device known as the "Empereur," which consists of steel plates connected by links fitted over the tread, but detachable, being retained in position by the inflation of the tyre, was awarded the prize of a hundred and fifty pounds and a gold medal. The well-known Parsons chains obtained second prize, namely, one hundred pounds

been accomplished, by the snow choking the deepest cutting on the road. On the 26th, however, the ascent was successfully accomplished in splendid weather, the car employed being the identical 15 horse-power four-cylinder Ariel he had used in January. The wheels of the automobile rolled perforse upon the rough, rocky, and sometimes very loose ballast when they were not mounting from one steel sleeper to another. The average gradient of the Snowdon Mountain Tramroad is steeper than that of any other mountain railroad in the world, with the exception of that up Mount Pilatus. There are long stretches of one in six in the lower parts, winding up with a terrible pull-up for the last three-quarters of a mile of one in five. But for the shearing of a pin on the circulating-pump spindle, the car made the climb without a mechanical hitch of any sort, which, considering that a particularly low gear was used, speaks volumes for the engine, which never faltered or missed throughout the climb. From Llanberis to the summit the staunch little vehicle carried three passengers, while up the highest and stiffest gradients two additional passengers were carried on the tail-board, to afford wheel-grip on the loose ballast. The ascent by motor was a remarkable feat, well and skilfully carried out, without any failure but the trifling named—a fine testimony to the work and material put into the Ariel car.



St. Amant's Win—French Form—Trainers—Asco.

I DO not remember ever having attended a worse Derby, from a weather point of view, than the one just decided, and yet the enthusiasm and excitement, especially after St. Amant's victory had been decided, almost equalled that displayed in Persimmon's year, when I watched the finish of the race within a couple of yards of the Judge. The Rothschild colours are among the most popular sported on the Turf, and all the little punters to an odd 'un supported St. Amant for the Blue Riband of the Turf, in spite of his poor show in the race for the Newmarket Stakes, when, it is said, he was slightly off colour. We are never likely to see an easier win for the Derby, and it is just on the cards that the colt may give Pretty Polly a good battle in the race for the St. Leger, as, seemingly, the farther he goes the better he travels. John o' Gaunt up to now has been a veritable "Yellow Jack," but he will win races later on: so will Henry the First.

The disappointment of the Derby was the French colt, Gouvernant. He looked very fit, but I must say I do not favour chestnut colts with white stockings: they are not always to be trusted. However, he had been trained to the hour and had been tried a certainty by the time-test. But the storm or the gradients of the course, or something, upset him, as he was never near the leader, and, indeed, in my opinion, he ran a soft animal from start to finish. I should say that Ajax was a 10 lb. better colt than Gouvernant—that is, on the racecourse—and it is a great pity that M. Blanc did not send over Ajax to run at Epsom. Somehow, the French form does not work out at Epsom, yet it pays to follow at Ascot, especially in the long-distance races. I have an idea that the race-tracks in France do not tend to teach a horse to act well up and down the Epsom hills, whereas the round course at Ascot just suits the French-trained stayers.

The Jockey Club are to be congratulated on having decided that all trainers should be licensed for the future. Hitherto all the trainers at Newmarket required licences, and, as a result, there has been a very good class of men engaged in the profession at the Headquarters of the Turf. In future, every trainer will be required to send in a list of all his employers before a licence is granted to him. We shall by this means soon see the last of the professional owner, and a good job too. I am told that these gentry simply keep platters to enter them in selling-races and get a share of the spoils—not by winning first prize, by-the-bye. The Turf Senators are on reform bent, and I do hope they will rid the course of the "lumbering" owners and sharps who trade on the credulity of young men with money and no brains.

As I have before stated, tips are plentiful for the Royal Hunt Cup. The special fancies of the sharps are Niphos, Dumbarton Castle, St. Brendan, and Cerisier, the last-named a most unlucky animal. Bass Rock is very likely to win the Wokingham Stakes and recompense Mr. Leopold de Rothschild for the failure of Vatel, who was left at the post two years ago. This race, by-the-bye, may be greatly affected by the running for the Royal Hunt Cup. It is hoped that Sceptre will run for and win the Ascot Gold Cup, and Hands Down is looked upon as being a good thing for the Gold Vase. The Fernhill Stakes will most likely be won by Santry, unless the dark Nun Superior is a real good one. The recent rains have done the course at Ascot no end of good, and the foliage in the neighbourhood was never better. There is plenty of herbage on the race-track, and, come what may, owners need not hesitate to run their horses over the course. Very elaborate arrangements are being made for the reception of Royalty at the meeting.

CAPTAIN COE



GOUVERNANT, THE DERBY FAVOURITE, WITH M. CANNON UP.



ST. AMANT, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.



THE FINISH FOR THE DERBY.



THE EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.

THE FINISH FOR THE JUVENILE PLATE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SUMPTUARY laws are very much in fashionable force with gay Parisiennes just at present, and the great *couturières* are enjoying themselves exceedingly in laying down the "to be" and "not to be" of the mode to obedient customers. You may wear a very small hat or a very large; you must not wear a medium-sized one. You are permitted to wear a pelerine, and forbidden to sport



[Copyright.]

AN ARTISTIC GOWN IN PALE GREEN.

the once-beloved feather boa. It is not allowed to wear the veil to such extraordinary lengths and depths as they do in "Albion," and the Victorian bonnet is *déclassé*, while all else of that period is taken to the heart, sartorially speaking. Thus and much more from the Rue de la Paix and its neighbourhood, where from behind closed doors Cabinet Councils in chiffons are held calculated to strike terror amongst husbands and paterfamilias who have the coveted privilege of paying the bill.

Apropos of mandates, it would seem that His Majesty Abdul Hamid has a passion for issuing decrees. A few weeks ago the law went forth against picture post-cards, particularly those representing any parts of the Imperial Palace at Constantinople. Last week, this father of his people sent forth a commandment against the wearing of red blouses by Armenian women, it being supposed that they affected the colour to symbolise and keep alive the memory of massacre and bloodshed in their country. Yet, autocratic as these measures may seem to the free and enlightened Briton of these days, it is not so very long since it was penal for a Catholic priest to wear the Roman collar now beloved of the High Church party, and death to celebrate Mass in the vestments of his religion. In the light of which gentle laws His Sultanic Majesty's repressive measures against the sanguinary blouse quite pale their crimson fires.

The mercers and haberdashers and mantua-makers of a hundred years ago would be puzzled to recognise the signs of their trade in

the palatial premises of modern milliners to-day. The values of a decorative environment were not, so to speak, understood of these good people who purveyed gowns and hats when the nineteenth century was young. To-day, if life be still short, art has, however, a decidedly longer arm and a more universal application. If we have palatial mansions of the rich and great, as in olden times, we have also palatial hotels and salons wherein trade is conducted amidst surroundings that are every whit as magnificent as the lordly mansion of the millionaire.

Paris sets the lead in these glorified "show-rooms," as every woman who can afford herself the luxury of dressing well doth know; but London begins to run a very good second, and the new show-rooms just inaugurated in Bond Street by Redfern are excellent examples of the taste and skill expended on the entourage of the up-to-date costumier. In artistic allusion to Redfern's Royal Patrons, one show-room is embellished with the Coat of Arms belonging to every Court in Europe. These are done in carton-pierre shields and reflected in the mirrors which line the walls. Above each Coat of Arms is a note of Redfern's appointment to the Court it represents. Against the white walls rich Axminster carpets in tones of fawn and white present a neutral background suitable to the display of many-coloured chiffons. The whole scheme may be described as in gorgeous yet good taste—the apotheosis, in fact, of the tailor-made costume and the evening-frock.

The pendant of diamonds, square-cut emeralds, and pear-shaped pearl illustrated overleaf is a new and very beautiful design by the



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING RACE-GOWN.

Parisian Diamond Company. At both sides of the central pendant smaller ornaments in the same style are added which greatly enrich and improve the effect. If fame is "hard work forgotten," as our practical German neighbours assure us, then must the Parisian

Diamond Company executive have all the merit of their untiring energies, for fame is assuredly and deservedly theirs.

The discoverers of "Icilm Water," which is now acknowledged to be one of the best-known tonics for skin and complexion, have lately brought to this country the natural mineral - water from Algeria which French and English doctors who know it think of highly as a powerful agent for the cure of eczema and other gouty affections of skin and joints. This water is called "Selama Water," and, besides its other virtues, is considered to be a preventative of appendicitis. It can be had at 142, Gray's Inn Road, or from chemists. "Icilm Water" is an oxygenated form of "Selama," and can now be had either scented or unscented. Excellent soaps are prepared also with "Icilm," and the "Flour Cream" of that name produces a velvety softness of skin very pleasant to the touch and grateful to the eye, as all perfect complexions should be.

The beauty of her dinner-table is, nowadays, of no less importance to a hostess than the perfection of her own carefully detailed appearance, and every form of decorative novelty that is introduced obtains an immediate hearing. Few devices have become so universally appreciated as the Cricklite Standard Lamp, which diffuses the soft glow that only wax-lights give, and is shown in so many delightful schemes of grouping and shading at the Cricklite Company's headquarters, 132, Regent Street. Unique designs for the embellishment of dinner-tables are shown here, novelties are continually being presented, and the special shades which cannot be seen or procured elsewhere are marvels of delicate colouring and graceful outline. Neither oil, gas, nor electricity in their most glorified disguises give so agreeable or charming a light as these fairy-like lamps.

SYBIL.

The Manchester Race Cup is a beautiful example of the metal-worker's art. The group surmounting the cover is the most prominent feature. The winged horse, of course, typifies speed, and the rider is attempting to pluck the laurel from the hand of Victory. On the body of the cup a race is represented in relief, the only piece of colouring on the trophy being the enamelled Arms of the City of Manchester.

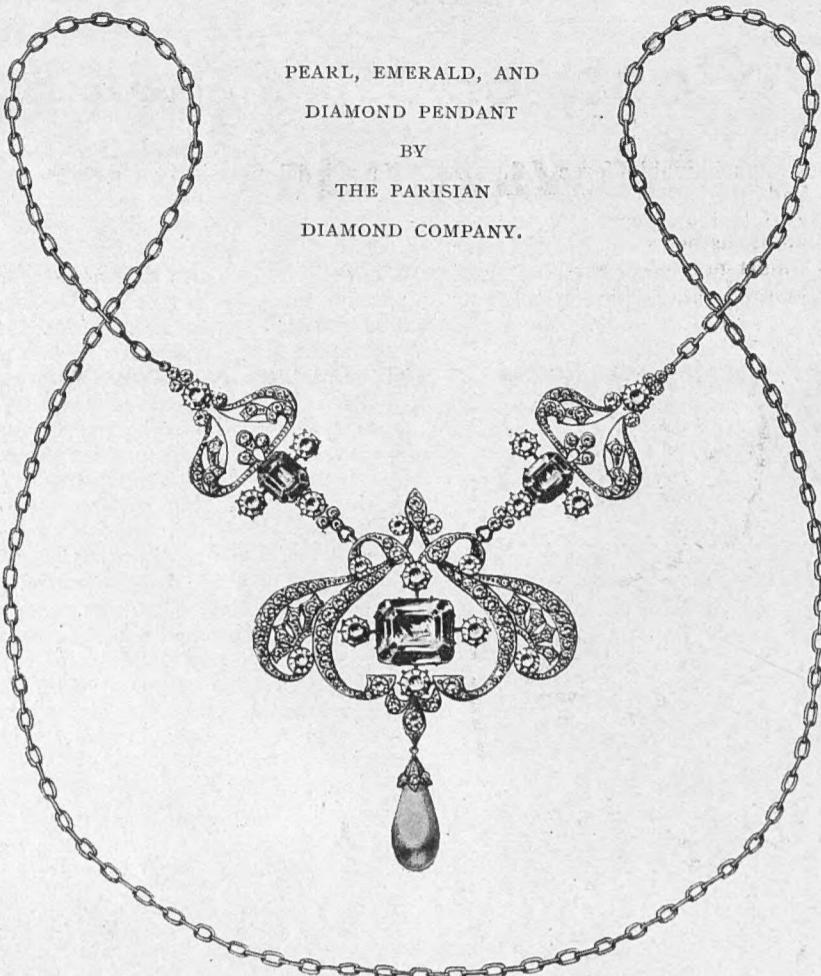
This beautiful cup was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Manchester.

In our last issue we published a photograph of the late Mr. John Coleman. Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Walery were responsible for this portrait, and not the firm to whom it was attributed.

A quite remarkable performance of "Tannhäuser" has been given at Drury Lane by the Moody Manners Company during the past week. Mr. Wilson Pembroke was the Tannhäuser, and especially well did he interpret the part, his performance in the third Act proving him to be a remarkably good actor as well as singer. Madame Ella Russell took the part of

THE MANCHESTER RACE CUP.

Elizabeth and achieved a great success. She has a wonderfully pure voice combined with great power, and there is great dignity of acting. In the third Act, her singing of the prayer was most beautiful, and we have rarely heard a finer rendering of this portion of the work. Both the orchestra and chorus were singularly successful.



PEARL, EMERALD, AND
DIAMOND PENDANT
BY
THE PARISIAN
DIAMOND COMPANY.

MOTORS AND THE ROYAL PARKS.

The panic which seized upon a majority of the House of Commons last year appears to have descended upon the Commissioners of Public Works and dictated at least the speed section which they have introduced into the regulations for the motor use of the Royal Parks. No self-propelled vehicle permitted to use the Parks' roads may exceed the snail's pace of ten miles per hour, so that owners of smart petrol-cars and electrically-driven automobiles will, if they keep strictly within the regulation, find themselves passed hand over fist by all the remaining vehicular traffic, to say nothing of the pedalled bicycle. If the Commissioners had bethought them of taking a drive or two round the parks in an automobile fitted with a reliable speed-indicator, and had ordered their driver not to exceed ten miles per hour, they would, even the greatest motorphobist of them all, have tumbled quickly to the absurdity of the regulation they were contemplating. Automobiles should not, of course, travel at anything over ten miles per hour when, say, the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park is crowded;

but when the Park roads are deserted, as they are for the major portion of the day, the speed restriction is silly.

For the comfort and convenience of passengers travelling to Denmark and Scandinavia by the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen Royal Danish Mail Steamers via Harwich and Esbjerg, the Great Eastern Railway Company have made arrangements with the Danish State Railway to run from June 4 sleeping-cars from Esbjerg to Copenhagen.

On Monday (June 6), Mr. Reginald Pannett opened an attractive show of his pictures and impressions of "The Woman of To-day" at the Social Bureau, 30, New Bond Street. The drawings are arranged rather as a drawing-room or dainty boudoir decoration than in the manner of the ordinary Picture Gallery. A portfolio of four pictures in colour has been prepared, and the whole of the signed proofs (limited to fifty) will be on sale during the two weeks of the exhibition.

In our issue of May 18, "The Man in the Train" commented on the *Suttey* collision case. Probably he was misled by his "Morning Paper," but, in any case, he commenced his paragraph thus: "I am interested in the action taken against the Navigating Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Suttey*." As a matter of fact, the title of "Navigating Lieutenant" is now obsolete, and the officer sued by the owners of the unfortunate brigantine was not the Lieutenant responsible for navigating duties. We therefore owe Lieutenant D. B. Crampton, now of the *Hannibal*, and late of the *Suttey*, an apology, and we gladly withdraw the remarks of the "Man in the Train."

Mr. Frank M. Boyd, the Editor of the lively *Pelican*, has added another item to the list of his activities. He has assumed the Editorship of the *Play-Pictorial*, and the first number issued by him more than maintains its reputation. The subject is "The Orchid" (Part 2), and Gaiety-goers and other lovers of the play and players will doubtless be glad to add a series of well-arranged and beautifully printed photographs of principals and scenes to their collection. Snatches of the music and songs are also given, and Mr. Boyd himself contributes some bright notes about "The People in the Piece." In an editorial note, Mr. Boyd explains that the proprietorship and editorship were changed at comparatively brief notice and the number was got out in record time, but he "means to do better."

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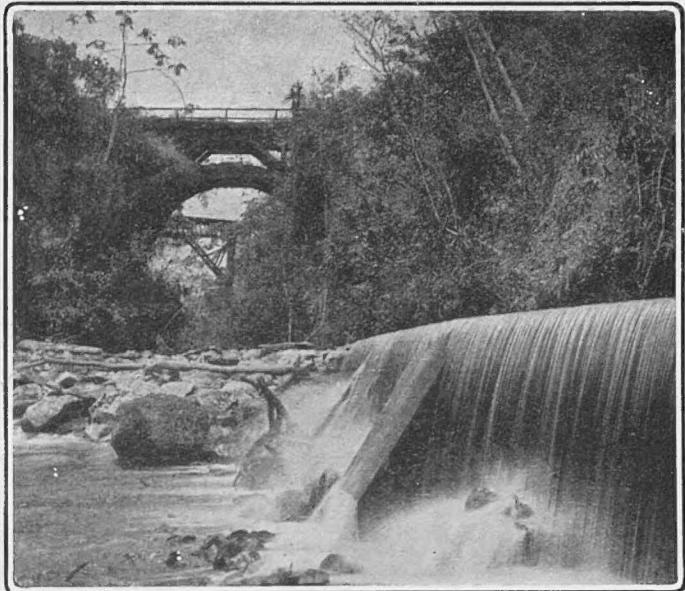
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

THE MARKETS.

THERE was some grumbling at the Bank Directors' decision not to lower the Rate, but, as nobody expected any other course to be taken, the alleged disappointment was more imaginary than real. Englishmen must have something to grumble at, and, as lack of business, the everlasting flow of municipal borrowing, and such-like topics, have got threadbare, anything was welcome for a change.

No sooner do gilt-edged securities improve a fraction, and the demand look like catching up the supply, than we are flooded with



THE MEXICAN RAILWAY: BARRANCA DEL CHIQUIHUISTE.

new issues, with the inevitable result that there is very soon something like a fiasco—as in Middlesex and West Ham cases—and we are thrown back on the old stagnation.

What is the good of the Treasury prosecuting poor Mr. Hooley, or even Mr. Harry Lawson? If the bringing out of a new Municipal or Colonial Loan were made a hanging matter for the rest of the year, far more good would be done to business in general, and the Stock Exchange in particular.

The considerable drop in Dock stocks has almost entirely come about from the congested state of business in Parliament and the supposed poor prospect of the Port of London Bill passing into law this year. At one time the Bill was supposed to be almost non-contentious, but the longer it hangs about the more the opposition to the proposals seems to grow.

In these columns we have always discouraged speculation or investment in the shares of James Nelson, and the result of the meeting and the report of the Committee more than justify the line we took. With this Company, as with the Federal Cold Storage and the allied concerns, the business lends itself to violent fluctuations too much for our taste. One year, a large part of the profit goes in freight; the next, it is absorbed by the ranch-owners; while every now and then the middleman gets a good season, and, if you probe deep enough, you will find that it does not make much difference to the people behind the scenes as to where it goes.

Some time ago, we called attention to both the Debentures and shares of the Puerto Cabello and Valencia Railway as a speculative purchase, and the reasons we advanced in these columns for recommending purchase were amply confirmed by the Chairman at the meeting held on the 2nd inst. The umpire has awarded the Company £231,000 out of a total claim of £261,000, and the proceeds of the Venezuelan Customs are being paid into the Bank of England to liquidate this and the other British claims. For our own money, we prefer the Debentures, as the holders will be masters of the situation when the cutting-up of the award comes about.

SOME FOREIGN RAILS.

To those who are disappointed at the way in which Argentine Railway stocks have settled down after the dividend payments, it must be pointed out that the improvement before the dividend announcements really discounted all that could be expected for the present. For example, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary is now on a 5 per cent. basis, but it has achieved this distinction so recently that fresh buyers are somewhat deterred from coming forward, lest they should find themselves landed with a stock gravitating presently to a lower rate of dividend. Time must be allowed to elapse before the investor becomes sufficiently accustomed to regard Argentine Railway stocks as something more than mere speculations, and therefore we look for no fresh advance of a rapid character until the next dividend-time draws near. On the other hand, the market is perfectly sound, and prices are more likely to steadily improve than to retrograde.

Mexican Railway stocks are also sticking somewhat, and here again

the reason lies in the lack of public interest in a market where no fresh sensation can be expected for some time to come. Yet the statistician who follows the fortunes of the line can take a pencil and demonstrate that on the earnings of the present half-year the Company could pay at the rate of 6 per cent. at least on its First Preference stock. Once again, as in the case of Argentine Railways, it is a case for waiting, for Mexican Railway stocks have a sound future ahead of them.

IN THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Speculative interest in the Industrial sections is now principally centred upon Dock stocks, the London and India Company's issues in particular. The most that can be expected for the Deferred stock is that it will receive a new security to the value of £110 to £115, while the Preferred may get an exchange rendering its worth about £120. The respective prices being 83 and 104, it is manifest that plenty of margin exists for resumption of the rise which received a check in consequence of fears that the Port of London Bill may be allowed to slide. So long as the quotations advanced, stockholders were content to let their profits accumulate, but, with a turn in the market, they are now doubtfully wondering whether it would not be wise to follow the example of a good many, and sell while they can secure their gain. We think it would be a pity not to wait further developments, and the same remark applies to all the Metropolitan Dock stocks which are likely to be affected by the Bill.

Lyons shares are gradually creeping up to the same price as Aërated Breads, and the movement seems most likely to continue. Excellent management is, of course, the key-note to the Company's success, and, although we confess to a great dislike of the practice of issuing new shares at a sovereign each to proprietors, the bonus it entails is so considerable (as in the Aërated Bread case also) as to discourage the hope that shareholders will put a veto upon it. Slaters have fallen to a price at which they pay to buy, and are now ex-dividend. The smart drop in Associated Portland Cement Preference gives an opportunity for making cheap purchases. The Miscellaneous Market has had few novelties of late, but one of the most interesting is the Maxim Flying-Machine Company, the shares of which are being dealt in at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. They are of the nominal value of £1, and the Company's capital is £30,000. A picture of the machine at work in Earl's Court appeared in last week's number of *The Sketch*.

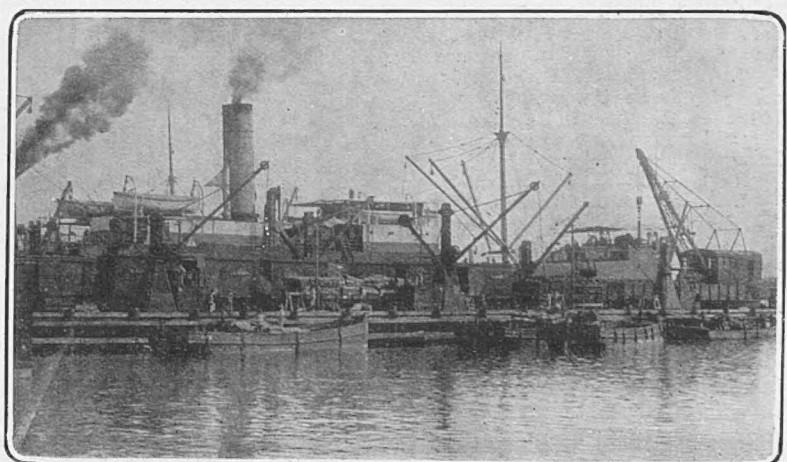
ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It looks very much as if those who predicted a summer boom in the House were going to be turned into false prophets after all. Business has fallen off in nearly all the markets: it is almost pitiable to spend even ten minutes amongst the Yankee jobbers, who are painfully idle, and it is as bad to prowl round the confines of the Kaffir Circus, because things are just the same there, or very nearly so. Where the trade has centred itself mostly within the past three months is the Foreign Market, and there the dealers can scarcely book their bargains fast enough, thanks to the new Loans as well as the old. Japanese old Fives are really a fine investment at their present price, and so are the new Sixes. The Fours pay £5 6s. 8d. on the money—less than the amount derivable from either of the others—but they enjoy a peculiarly free market, and move more sharply. For a speculative investment, all three look very healthy, and the only reason why one rather hesitates to advise the new 6 per cent. bonds is because the underwriters got them very cheap and took a fair proportion of their guarantee "firm"; consequently, there may be a tap running for a time, although the security seems so good as to make the bonds worth anybody's while to hold.

From time to time I have recommended the purchase of Argentine 6 per cent. Railway Bonds, 1881, and the price has steadily improved from 90 to its current level of 104 $\frac{1}{2}$. It might be well to take the profit. The annual drawings have left a comparatively small amount outstanding, so that the risk becomes increasingly greater, since the bonds are repaid at par. They have paid the buyer 6 per cent. on his money, and those who took the hint can now get a nice little profit—not very much, but something worth pocketing, for all that. Part of the money might be turned into Japan Sixes, while the rest could find useful employment in Cuban Fives or Sierra Leone Fours. I am doubtful as to whether there is much rise in the latter at present, but no doubt can be entertained of the issue's cheapness, and, in course of time, a much better price is assured. Directly the allotments are out there will probably be a rush to sell on the part of a few of the stags, and no improvement worthy of mention is likely to take place until after the stock has become settled in hands strong enough to hold it.

One of the stories connected with the early days of motoring tells how a car came to a dead-stop in a lane outside a little Irish village. The owner appealed for help to a man engaged in haymaking, and the rustic came to see



VERA CRUZ TERMINUS OF THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

what he could do. "What do you call it?" he asked, curiously. "That's an automobile," replied the motorist; "and what's that thing you've got on your shoulder?" "That's an ought-to-mow-grass," the countryman retorted, as he looked at his scythe. "But it don't." Similarly, the Kaffir Circus ought to go better, but it doesn't, and the settlement of the labour question has left us worse off for business than we were before, if that be possible. I don't know that one can altogether blame the public for their attitude of caution; they have certainly been bitten so badly in the recent past—say within the last decade—that they naturally prefer to exercise a good deal of caution in venturing farther into the field. It seems to be pretty certain that the old outcrop favourites are played out so far as speculation is concerned. The next great gamble will not be in Citys and Henry Nourse, Crowns and Ferreira, Geldenhuys and Meyers. It will come in shares of those concerns of which less is known and which are really speculations. Examples of such, apart from the deeper Deep-Levels, are most abundant in what is called the Far East Rand concerns, such as Geduld, H. E. Props., and similar things with practically unknown futures. Unhappily there are people connected with certain of the Far East Rand properties whose names are useful to conjure with in one direction only, but the two shares I have mentioned will probably go much better, and so in the course of time should North Geduld and Central Geduld, babies of the Geduld Proprietary. Apex are also worth holding, and the drop in Anglo-French, occasioned by the issue of new shares, will certainly be recovered later on. Good authorities assure me that Premier Diamond shares at anything under 40 are as cheap a thing as the Kaffir Circus contains, and, if only one-fifth part of the stories about the mine are true, the price should go to 50 at the very least. But shares standing at such a figure are not "everybody's money."

Some few days ago I lighted upon a book called "The Stock Exchange," by Messrs. Ingall and Withers, and, having read about half of it, my great quarrel with it is that the price is five shillings net. If it were half that sum, I venture to prophesy that the book would soon be in half the brokers' offices in London, for it contains exceedingly valuable hints, not only to the budding member—to whom much of it is particularly addressed—but also to the more mature individual who is all the better for little reminder every now and then of weak parts in his business panoply. After the elementary literature dealing with the House to which recent volumes have accustomed us, it is refreshing to meet with a book written by someone possessing a practical grip of the subject and relying upon the subject-matter alone to hold the interest of the reader. There are many controversial points upon which verdicts are pronounced by the writers—verdicts that in some cases will be challenged, disputed, denied, but these may pass forgiven in the feeling of thankfulness that at last we are given meat instead of milk-and-water in a book dealing with the Stock Exchange. Who the authors are I do not know: their names do not figure in the last Members' List, but, anyway, they have turned out a book that deserves a place in any broker's business library.

At present, the West African Market does not know what it has lost by the death of Mr. Percy Tarbutt. Rumour says that a syndicate has been formed to take over his various shareholdings and to market them as chances permit. Therefore, prices are kept steady, and, to all outward appearance, the Jungle is no worse off than it was before Mr. Tarbutt died. But, as a matter of fact, it is much worse off. If money were wanted, if a Debenture issue were necessary or capital required at a critical moment, Mr. Tarbutt could be depended upon for help when his interest was aroused. And, in addition to his own money, he influenced a large amount besides, so that questions of capital were readily solved when he took them in hand, and he was not afraid of spending his money on the mines, either. In this way the Jungle is much poorer by his death, and the market has no pleasant time in front of it for the next few months. The Wassau is manifestly disappointing, and upon its fortunes hang, to some extent, those of the Amalgamated Company. Ashanti Gold Fields have always been considered "a good thing," but the present price seems to discount a good deal of future prosperity, should it come. I have seen the Abosso spoken well of in *The Sketch*, and perhaps this little concern may pay its proprietors much better than the bigger Companies will pay theirs.

The electrical fans placed all round the House recall the story of the Colonel whose life had been spent in India and who came home to one of our rawest winters. He became ill, fell into a state of coma, and was thought to be dead by all his relations. In accordance with his previous strict injunctions, his body was sent to a crematorium, and duly consigned to the flames. After the usual time, the attendant went to open the door of the furnace, and was scared out of his wits to see the Indian Colonel sitting bolt upright, looking as though he enjoyed the heat. All at once the "deceased" turned round and saw the man. "Shut that door, you adjectived idiot!" he shouted. "Can't you see you're letting in a draught?" THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, June 4, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

PERCIVAL.—(1) The Shipping shares are good of their kind, and the Company is managed by long-headed men; but freights are low, and all Shipping shares are liable to fluctuation, as the business is somewhat precarious. (2) The Company is a good second-class Industrial, as safe as a furniture business carried on in numerous seaside towns can be.

E. R. T.—The Brazilian security is a fair second-class one. For our own money, we should prefer Argentine or Chilian, or, for something more speculative, Uruguay.

R. W.—The Grand Trunk Debenture stock is quite safe.

ALPHA.—Hold the Cordoba and Rosario Pref. You might even buy more.

G. L.—(1) Of your list we like Sheba best, and prefer Coromandel and Transvaal Exploring Land and Minerals to the others. We hardly expect a dividend on any of the mines you name this year. (2) The Industrials are very speculative, and we do not see much chance of a considerable rise in either of them. The paper shall be sent you.

F. A. B.—The shares are all Industrial risks of a fair kind. We have no information as to the Leeds Company, of which nothing seems known on the London Market. If the new Licensing Bill works well, the Brewery shares ought to rise, but whether they will reach 11½ we do not care to say. The safest share you hold is, of course, Lever Brothers Preference, which is exactly what you seem to want.

NOVEMBER.—We advise you to have no dealings with the outside brokers you name.

J. A. E.—It is a rule in this column to give no opinion on the shares of *The Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited. Good taste forbids any departure therefrom. The Peck Pref. are a reasonable Industrial share to hold; the chief reason for the poor price is the lack of business in them.

THOCA.—The shares are probably worth buying. As to the price you name being reached, we would rather not prophesy.

The Directors of J. W. Benson, Limited, after making provision for depreciations, payment of dividends on the Preference and interim dividend on the Ordinary shares, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference shares from October 1903 to April 30, 1904, have decided to pay a final dividend which will make 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the year ended March 31, and a bonus of 2 per cent., and to carry £5000 to reserve, which now stands at the sum of £65,000.

THE SKETCH.

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